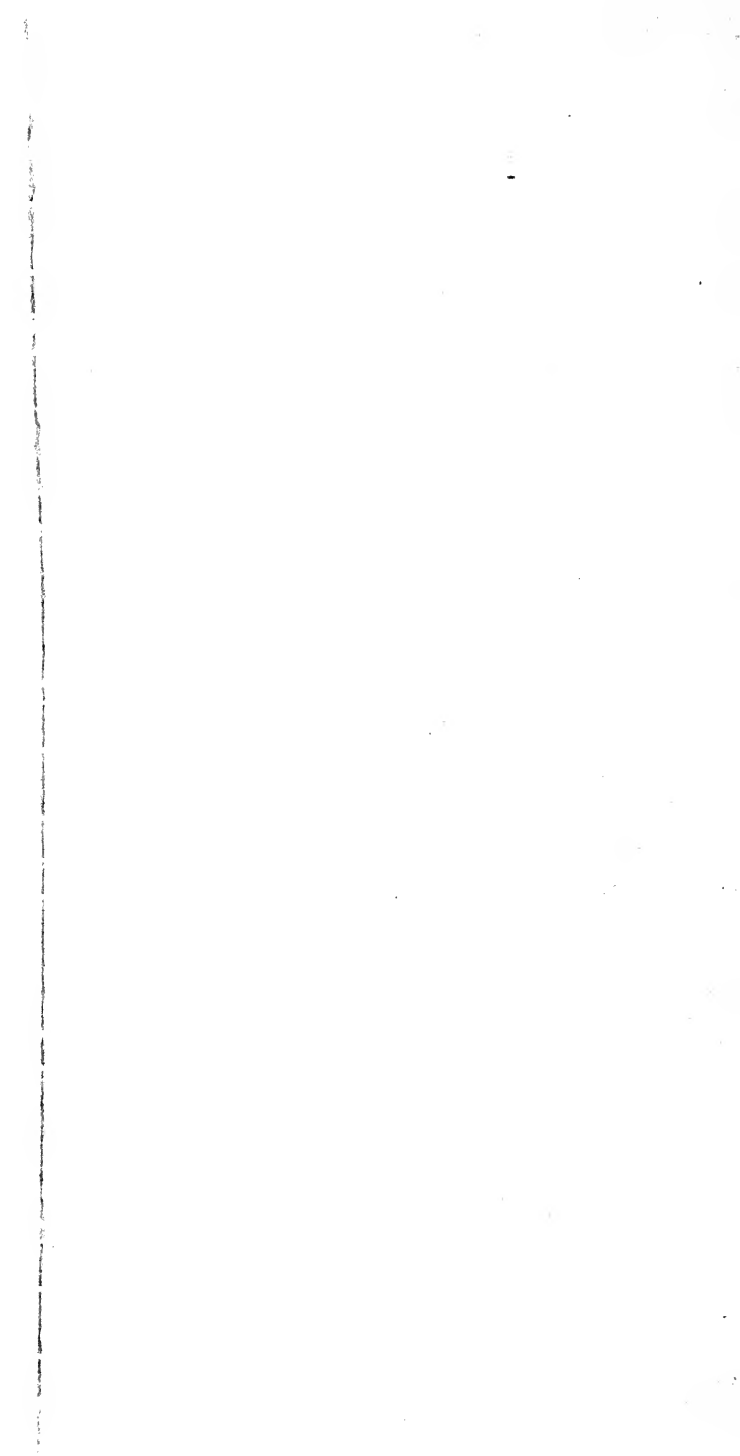


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Examples to convert,
or at least amend
in every Family,
either the Father,
the Mother, the
Son, or the Daugh-
ter.



The Company and
Converse the Pil-
grims met with at
Abraham's House,
are Emblems of
what Angels enjoy
in the Regions be-
yond the Grave.)

THE [Dovey, Charl
VIRGIN in EDEN:
OR, THE
State of INNOCENCY.

Deliver'd by way of Image and Description.

PRESENTING

A Nobleman, a Student, and Heirefs, on their Pro-
gress from Sodom to Canaan.

With the PARABLE of the Shepherd, Zachariab,
and Mary, who dwelt in thatched Tenements, secluded
from Noise and Snares. Their holy Living and Dying.

To which are added,

PAMELA's Letters proved to be immodest Romances painted in Images
of Virtue: Masquerades in Disguise, that receiv'd Birth now Vice
reigns in Triumph, and swells in Streams even to a Deluge.

In this Treatise are the Divine Sayings of Queen Mary and Carolina in
publick Assemblies and select Companies. Taken from their own
Manuscripts.

The Decree of GOD appoints these RECORDS to be kept in every
House, in every Kingdom and State, from one Generation to ano-
ther, till the great Fall of Nature.

Wrote by the Author of the Sheets entitled, *Torments after Death*. That Copy, of
which such vast Numbers were printed and sold, Four, Seven, and in some Houses
Twenty, to send into the Country and beyond the Seas.

The SECOND EDITION. 3075

LONDON: Printed by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane; and sold by such as sell
Pamphlets and News-Papers; and at the Author's House, No. 3. in Little Ailie-
Street, Goodman's-Fields. MDCCLII.

Price 1s. 6d. in Marble-Paper, and 2s. 6d. bound in Calf's-Leather.

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THE P R E F A C E.



Y Thoughts on Solitude and Silence, that should at this Time receive their Birth, must remain in Manuscript uncorrected: There now lies before me two Volumes, under the Title of Virtue Rewarded, that I cannot omit taking Notice of: The Work hath obtained a glorious Character in the Eye of some; they recommend it to Families equal to The whole Duty of Man, to instill Religion into the Minds of both Sexes.

Good God! what can Youths and Virgins learn from Pamela's Letters, more than Lessons to tempt their Chastity; those Epistles are only Scenes of Immodesty, painted in Images of Virtue; Disguises in Masquerade, as I shall prove, both from Truth and Reason, in the Conclusion of this my Work.

Now as the World hath seen and read with Attention those Volumes, I have drawn a small Piece, intituled, The Virgin in Eden, or the State of Innocency; by this every Speech and Language may vote, which of the two Essays they recommend to succeeding Ages, as most worthy and useful to cultivate Virtue in the Minds of Youth. Now as I behold Vice reigns in Triumph, and swells even to a Deluge; I cannot, tho' I am arrived at the Period of fourscore, retire from my Study till I have delivered my Ideas of Holy Living and Dying, and presented them to all Ranks and Degrees in this degenerate Age. Would my Reader insure the Riches of the present World, and a happy Duration, paint after this Copy, indulge your Thoughts with future Grandeur, that gives secret Delight, exceeding all that we can embrace in Acts of Sin.

The Time allotted in these visible Shades are momentary, Years flee away, Ages leave no other Trace behind them

but as it were Shadows or Stories transmitted to us in History, which oftentimes adds Deformity, rather than Beauty to the Memory. Here we make our Court to Vanity, and Fancy what we see at a Distance to be amiable; but so soon as we embrace them, all is Emptiness and of no worth, and yet this will not convince us of our Error; our Ambitions are big enough to grasp the World in our Thoughts; but what is the Result? many painful steps taken in vain; they that pry into unrevealed Points, never come to any Certainty more than imperfect Ideas.

He that inquires into the Knowledge of the regular Motions of the heavenly Bodies, how they move and operate, is only in Pursuit of Mysteries, that will never be perfectly revealed till we are stript of Mortality, and changed into Spiritual Bodies.

Man's principal End should be to acquaint himself with sacred Record, and not let his Mind wander beyond the Limits of Reason; Will not a Time come, when we shall know, what is Truth, and what is not?

Wise Men may be convinced of this, if they look back to that which is transmitted to us from past Centuries; what is there more in them than empty Amusements, that leaves us as much in the dark as before we read their Essays? How frequent is it for Authors to value themselves for their Parts and Learning? do they not often conclude they have amassed an inexhaustible Stock of Wisdom, that will immortalize their Names; and when their Works come forth, there is scarce any Thing to be found in them, but Sheets crowded with unknown Mysteries? Thus every Age confutes old Errors, and begets new ones, and so it will be so long as we run upon too nice Speculations. As for my Part, my Mind will receive more secret Delight, should this, and my former Works, be read and practised, than if my Sovereign Prince should encircle me with Riches, and his highest Favours; they die and perish with me; but my Writings will do me Honour in the Sight of Men and Angels, when I am gone to Silence, and returned to my original Dust.





T H E I N T R O D U C T I O N .

L May truly ask the Question, What have all the antient and modern learned Authors been amusing themselves about, so as never to write the Youths and Virgins Journey from this World, to that which is to come? What could have been more entertaining to the Publick than such a Subject well compiled? Experience tells us this by the *Pilgrim's Progress*, wrote by JOHN BUNYAN, a poor Mechanick, to his Honour be it spoke; had his Stile and Language answered the Thread of his Ideas, that Work might have been as much esteemed and valued by the Ingenious, as it ever was by the Mean and Illiterate.

Here I present Emblems of both Sexes, and of different Ages, going from *Sodom* to the *New Jerusalem*; to the utmost of my Genius I have prescribed Rules to prevail with the most profane Part of Mankind to become Profelytes; no weary Pilgrimages are here assigned, nor is it required to dress in the Habits of Hermits, Nuns, or begging Fryars; no Pennances are laid to abstain from Meats, nor to scourge our Bodies with wire Whips. Man is not obliged to dwell in a Cell, or a Cave, or absent himself from inoffensive Conversation; the Load of Sin is here taken off at the very Instant the Christian sets out for the Kingdom of Glory.

Religion is a Pleasure not Pain. A Christian's Life, be he Rich or Poor, is all Joy and Peace.

The Scenes that I have drawn may prevail with *Jews, Turks, and Pagans*, to go with the Student and the Virgin into the Wilderness, where the Son of God fasted forty Days and forty Nights.

I am for writing Subjects to convey even the Thoughts of Atheists and Deists beyond sensual Pleasures, and to confirm them in the Faith of the Church Militant.

Here are Representations of flowery Gardens and Solitary Groves, as Places proper to converse with humble Men, Divine Antiquaries; and even with Animals and Insects, there is to be seen the Face of God; in those Schools curious Lessons are to be learnt; *Adam* and *Eve* are here decypher'd in their original Innocency before their Fall and naked State. I call Time back, and begin with the Days of *Moses, Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apostles and Evangelists. These Discourses are levell'd to carry the Reader's Mind to the very Borders of *Egypt*, where *Lot* pitch'd his Tents within Sight of *Sodom*: Here are Converts on their Way to *Abraham's* House in the Land of *Canaan*, to end their Days in Peace and Retirement; Here are introduced an industrious Farmer, a poor Shepherd, and the Governess of a School passing through these Earthly Vales to the desired Harbour of Rest.

In my two Volumes, published near forty Years ago, intitl'd, *The Visions of Sir Heister Reily*, and *the Meditations of a Divine Soul*, I set forth the political Conduct of Animals and Insects; with the

INTRODUCTION. ▼

the Rich and Poor Man's Pleasures in a Life secluded from Noise and Hurry; out of those my Works I take some Ideas to entertain, not to dull the Fancy, even of wandring Minds.

I think I cannot wind up my Time, and bid the World farewell in a more Christian Way, than by leaving this work as my last Legacy to succeeding Ages, the Ideas I have formed of Virtues and Examples. Cannot the great God, by such a Piece, convert, or at least amend in every Family, either the Father, the Mother, the Son, or the Daughter, even from the tender Age of Ten Years, to the Period of Ninety; a Race scarce one in a Thousand ever runs beyond it, and of that Time great Part is generally attended either with Want, Pain, Sicknes, peevish Passions, or wild and despairing Thoughts of Providence.

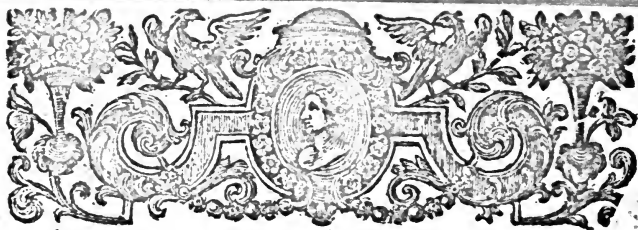
Had it not been to avoid vain Compliments and down-right Flattery, which most Authors begin their Essays with, next to their Title Pages, I should have dedicated these Sheets to the Duke and the young Princesses, the King's Issue, and to the Descendants of his Royal Highness the Prince and Princess of *Wales*.

But all I shall do is to pray, that each of those Royal Branches would paint after the Student and the Virgin, those young Converts in their Progress from Time to Eternity; so that at the Period of their several Days, their Brows may be then incircled with bright Diadems, and their Hands sway Golden Scepters, more glorious than all their Predecessors, in Token that their Reigns on Earth exceeded them in Righteousness, Justice and Equity.

I may say never any Subject in my Station ever did greater Service to the *Hanover* Succession, nor encreased the Revenues of their Crown more than I have done, and at the Expence, not only of my
Thoughts

Thoughts and Writings, but my Fortune, and even the Hazard of my Life. I am sorry to say all Promises and Gratiuity expired as soon as I had performed their Work. Read my Sheets, intituled, *The English Memorial*, that I presented to the King and Parliament in the Year one thousand seven hundred and thirty seven; there you will find and see my Wrongs and Sufferings: It is there proved beyond Denial, that the Government have received from my Undertakings only, above one Million of Money Sterling, and also encreased the Income of the General Post-Office, near thirty thousand Pound every Year: this their Gain laid me in Ruins, till Divine Providence sent me, from an unforeseen Quarter, a plentiful Fortune, to enable me to lend to the Poor, and bear the Charges to my Sepulchre, the Habitation of the Dead.





THE
VIRGIN in ED'EN;
OR, THE
STATE of INNOCENCY.

DELIVERED

By way of IMAGE and DESCRIPTION.



AS I was upon my Travels, through an Island of Plenty, I lost myself in a Desert, and wandering about in Distress, I saw at a distance two Men going before me; I called to them; they waited my coming up; I asked them from whence they came, and which way going; they answered, from *Sodom* to *Abraham's House*, in the Land of *Canaan*, and that if I would go with them they should be glad of my Company; I accepted the Offer, and joined in their Conversation.

Upon discoursing a little together, I found one to be a Student, the other his Guide; at the further End of the Desert there was a House for the Entertainment of Strangers, we Inn'd there that Night, and in the Morning early went to a Town, where there was an Abby, an Ancient Pile of Building; our Curiosity led us to see the Antiquities of that venerable Place.

As we walked amidst the Monuments of the Dead, there came up to us a young Man, who seemed to have

have something extravagant in his Countenance; he asked the Guide whether he could tell him which was the Sepulchre of a certain Monarch, (naming him) the Guide pointed to the Tomb; he went up to it, and after he read the Inscription, we saw his Countenance change with a kind of Concern, and he suddenly broke out into these pathetic Expressions, which we wondered at, considering what we took the Man to be.

Is this, said he, become the Habitation of a King, whom I once saw sitting upon an Imperial Throne? Are these the Boundaries of his Dominions? Oh, astonishing Confinement! For a Prince of his vast Genius to lie hid in this dark Cavern, the Habitation of Worms and Corruption.

Upon this he sat down, and for a while remained silent; at last he said, notwithstanding my gay Humour, I am, when I look into these narrow Prisons so full of Thoughts, that they flow like a rapid Stream, and run even beyond Time into Eternity; which, methinks, gives me an Opportunity to converse, for a Season, with unbodied Spirits, and take a Prospect of the hidden Things of another State: But when these sudden Flashes of Contemplation cease, and I return from wandering amidst these unknown Regions of Light (where refined Beings dwell) and re-enter my dressed-up Sepulchre (I mean this my Body) I am sunk low, and behold with Shame the Depravity of my vain Nature, which discovers itself in every Scene of Life.

Now, continues he, I apprehend what the original of gross Matter is, and what my separated Particles must be when they come to lie level with the Dust of this great Monarch: I consider the Bones, that are concealed in this dark Cell, as the Relicks of a fine Building, mingled together with a Multitude of Ashes of a courser Soil; neither can I tell how to separate the one from the other: But sure I am, that one Day the Rubbish will be parted, and the more noble Mould recover its original Form and Greatness.

The Gentleman would still have continued his solemn Discourse, had not the Student conducted him to a Grave in the Abby Yard, and confuted his Error, by telling him, that it was not the being a Prince that made the Ashes ever the finer, but that it was the Perfection and Purity of the Mind that would beautify the Structure of Man at the Resurrection: For, says the Student, here lies Interred a poor Peasant, who
daily

daily laboured in the Fields; and had that greatness of Soul in him, that shew'd the Capacity and Ability of a most elevated Mind: But wanting acquired Helps, the brightness of his Perfections could not dart forth with that Lustre as otherwise it would have done; nevertheless his Ashes lay as honourable Fragments, ready for a Call, to be raised a stately Pile, when Emperors and Kings will appear despicable. By this Time the Abby Bells chim'd in to Prayers, and Company interrupted our sublime Conferences.

The Student ask'd the Guide who this Person was; he said a Nobleman, his Name is *Felix*; upon this the Student entered into Conversation with him, and told *Felix* what Country he was going to, and to what House and Family. I am inform'd, that the Company and Conversation I shall meet with there, are Emblems of what immaterial Spirits enjoy in the Light Regions beyond the Grave.

This Speech put *Felix* into an Extasy; says he, I am not almost, but now altogether a Convert; and if it be as you say, I will leave my Possessions and go along with you. Then the Student and *Felix* went on together, and had several Conferences by the Way, on Subjects Divine and Moral.

In their Progress they passed through a Grove, in the Center of which there was a Cell, and joining to it a Grotto, which the Guide said, was frequented by Virgins on their Way to Mount *Sion*; where they Contemplate as they pass along: And just as the Guide was speaking, they observed at a distance a young beautiful Woman coming up; on which the Student and *Felix* concealed themselves in the Cell, to observe how she behaved. As soon as she entered the Grotto she shut the Door, and went to her Devotion. Now, says she, I am in secret, where no Eye sees but that of Heaven; here I can meditate alone, and converse with my Crucified Jesus. I fancy that I now see him in the Wilderness, Fasting forty Days and forty Nights, to teach Man the Duty of Mortification, and Acts of Humility: Here, on this my Journey from *Sodom* to the *New Jerusalem* I can quench my Thirst at the Springs, which arise at the descent of every Hill, and be fed by the Ravens of the Air, that imitate my Thoughts in their soaring up to those Regions which are beyond, and out of Sight of this insignificant Globe of Earth.

B

Here

Here I may sew green Leaves together, and make me a Garment far more ornamental, to the Eye of a meek Christian, than all the lively Colours of an *Indian* Robe: Here I can spend the delightful Spring of every Year in viewing the Works of my Creator, and beholding the tender Buds, as they shoot forth, with an imperceptible Motion, into spreading Leaves and blooming Blossoms: Here I can sit under the Branches of shady Trees, and behold how artificially the Chirping Birds build their Nests to the best Advantage, and observe with what Care and Tenderness they provide for their Offspring.

O, enchanting Solitude! I may, in this my Progress, lay myself down to Rest at Night, and in the Dawn of the Morn walk forth and see how early the delicate Larks arise, refreshing themselves in the Morning Air, and chanting out their pretty Notes, before the glorious Rays of the Sun are displayed on the verdant Meadows: So that by that Time their melodious Matins are over, all the rest of the winged Choir will have trim'd their Feathers with their pecking Bills, and join their united Voices in whistling such various Hymns of Praise to their daily Benefactor, as may sufficiently rouse drowsy Man out of the dreadful Lethargy of Vice, and make him stand abash'd to see a flight of Animals, only guided by instinct of Nature, warbling forth their Morning Songs to the Great *Jehovah*, before they, who bear the Image of the Deity, have made their Request known to *Jesus*, or blessed his Name for the Mercies of a past Night. O blessed Harmony! to hear the pretty Chirping Sounds of such Multitudes of Airy Inhabitants, that meet in Assemblies on the Tops of the Trees, to pay their Daily Tribute, and shew vain Man his Duty.

As soon as she had ended these her Divine Ejaculations, she came out of the Grotto and walked into the Grove, lifting up her Eyes and Hands in Raptures of Joy. The Guide informed us, that this was an Heiress, a Virgin who had made her Retreat from *Sodom* to live in *Canaan*.

Then the Student and *Felix* came out of the Cell, and went up to her, and told her who they were, and the Place they was going to; what, says she, to *Abraham's* House? Thither I am Travelling: It is the way to *Sion*, let us keep together, and never part, 'till Death. We'll discourse on the Records of sacred Writ, and talk of the first Ages of the World: how Men lived and acted in those

those ancient Times : Such Conferences as these will make our Hearts glow within us, and raise our Spirits above the Sphere of wandering Vanities.

Then the Student, *Felix*, and the Virgin, went on 'till they came to a Wilderness, a Place that appeared at a distance green and shady, but when they entered, it resembled the Habitation of wild Animals, or an obscure solitary Grove, such as Poets resort to, and where Spirits meet and Converse with those they were acquainted with when dressed in the Body of Corruption.

On the Skirts of this Wilderness, upon an Eminence that overlooked the adjacent Country, we saw a Man of a venerable Aspect, sitting at the Door of a Cave, with a Book and Pencil in his Hand. We went up to him, and observed him to take Notice of the Movements of every little Insect that passed by, and often viewed one of them upon his Table, thro' a Microscope ; then he would minute down the Remarks he made upon their Shapes and Proportions.

Our Converts were mightily taken with the Pensiveness they saw in his Countenance, as well as with his many curious Fancies ; but, to colour their Designs, they feigned to him, as tho' they thought his Employment altogether disagreeable to his Age, on purpose to hear what Answer he would make.

The Student asked him why he spent his Time after such a careless Manner, out of the way of all Conversation, and remote from the Schools of Instruction? He answered, he chose this Retirement to avoid those Particulars he recommended ; for that those Places of Education are often perverted to bad Purposes, and Human Societies are generally so ill regulated, that I shall learn to submit Right to Force ; the Strong does not scruple to take the Weak Person's Portion from him : That there is nothing more common than to see Men, in the Face of Justice, contend for that which is not properly their own ; and many times the Strife ends not before the utter Ruin of the Injur'd.

Do not they, says he, who teach the Symbols of Mercy very often put off all Bowels of Tenderness? What can be more furious than the Malice of Religious Contests? Their Heat is generally lengthened out into perpetual Enmity! Shall I not learn the most unnatural Barbarity in the Schools where you'd send me? If I go Abroad, into the World, shall I not see all sorts of Wickedness practised there? In all probability I might there learn how to seize on every Thing that lay within my reach, in order to

store up Treasures like the Miser. Thus he entertained the Converts with variety of these odd Hints, which were altogether instructive to them; whether it was in Complaisance that he thought they were of his Opinion, and look'd upon those Men to be unfortunate who had their Residence in the Circles of Vanity, for which there can be no Word that signifies a verier Nothing. The old Gentleman advanced several Paradoxes that required a vast Capacity to reach; there seem'd to be in him something above common Art in his Arguments.

I desire, says he, any Man to have so many Opportunities of improving his Genius, as I have in this still Retirement; for my Business is to converse daily, at the Door of my Cave, or within a few Rods of it, with the greatest Artists and Wits of the Age, who have a Nobleness in them, that in many Respects, out shines-Man, and makes him look like a fallen Star clouded with Smoke.

He said, if Innocency, Industry, and a competent Stock of Knowledge ought to be accounted Virtues, none had a juster Claim to them than the Company he kept; for that tho' many of them do but appear as the most inconsiderable of all Beings; such as are often sheltered in the Mists of the Air, hid in Sheets of Water, or buried under Clods of Earth, yet their different Actions and surprizing Instincts, are, perhaps, one of the profoundest Subjects on which our Reason can be exercised; and, says he, I am surprized that so few People perceive it.

For, continues he, the several beautiful Perfections, I behold in them, lead me into a Thousand fine and uncommon Notions; they give me an Idea of the very niceness of the Instrument that worked every particular Part of their Veins and Arteries, which are so curiously joined and put together.

Then he stopt, and with a sort of unusual Haste fetch'd out of his Cave a large Fly; this Insect, says he, has several Miracles to be seen in it, if all its just Measures were narrowly inquired into; besides the Sense that I find to be infused into it; for the Creature lives and guides itself in a regular and steady Course, and knows when he rises in a fair or an intollerable Morning, and how to go to the Portion provided for its Nourishment.

The Converts thought he would now have ended speaking about these minute Creatures, but he went on, and carried the Point still further, upon the Policy and Cunning of a much lesser Being than that Insect which he had in his Hand,

For seeing an Ant creep along, he took it up; I challenge, says he, any of those Persons, who value themselves upon their Activity, to go through near so much Business, or produce half the Adventures, with less Mistake, than this Insect has been engaged in, and will pass through before *Michaelmas*, the time of her marching into Winter Quarters. By the Notice I have taken, continued he, of these Creatures, I am convinced that they are a subtle Generation; they seem to have a kind of Government among them; and, I do assure you, their Observation of Justice and Charity is so strict, that it far exceeds the Management and Honesty of most Men.

I have frequently, added he, sat down by their Hills, when they were crowding Home in an Evening, and seen, that when an aged Ant has deprived a young one of what she had been labouring for with much Industry, others have come in and restored all that was taken from her, and inflicted a deserved Punishment upon the Offender.

Before he passed off from this History, he gave the Converts a Relation of the many Fatigues and Labours, he had observed, they went thro' to maintain themselves, with the manner of their getting, and hoarding up their Stores: he told them, they were so knowing, that they seemed to converse together at their publick Meetings, and understood accidental Things concerning themselves; for tho' their Language be somewhat broken and unintelligible, yet they apprehend one another by particular Signs.

Then he brought an Example, that they never loose their Way when they are out upon their Progress. I have, says he, often made it my Business to watch one of those Creatures out of her Cell in the Morning, and follow her all Day thro' many intricate Mazes, and seen her run up and down several Trees; yet, a little before Night, she has gone directly to her own Apartment, stooping under a heavy Burden, without ever missing her Path, or turning aside.

The Converts seemed extremely delighted with his quick Turns of Humour, for he continued to go on at this agreeable Rate, very naturally, upon the Ants. Then he turned his Discourse, and spoke of other Species, which, he said, had likewise very fine Notions and some excellent Laws practised amongst them. Thus he diverted us upon these nice Heads, and brought in many Instances of the changeable Turns those Beings frequently meet with, very much resembling the cross Accidents of Men.

For, says he, after they have sailed through many violent Storms, and formed their Notes from the least Breath

of Wind, just as they find themselves decked with beautiful Ornaments, fit for the entertainment of a few impertinent Joys, it is common for them, in the midst of their Jollity and wilder Feasts, to be taken Captive, and thrown into such a strait Confinement as not to know whether their Imprisonment will end in Death, or a triumphant Escape. Others, as they were making glad, and the Sun shining hot upon them, under the Image of a Rainbow, diversified with Colours, have immediately sunk down by the Weight of a Cloud, or have been cast into Darkness. He had many of those Copies by him of the good and bad Chances that often happen to irrational Beings, and he carried the Subject so far, as if he was capable of spanning all the casual Events that ever befel any of them.

Upon his readily being supplied with new Matter, as he always was, he returned, in the heat of his Discourse, to his former Reflections upon human Society, and the many Improvements there may be made in examining the exact Oeconomy observable in Animals and Insects.

If a Man, says he, is proud of his Knowledge, of his Skill in curious Speculations; Serpents and Eagles, who are but the Dream of a Shadow, and when they die are soon annihilated, know more of it than he; for they have many Antidotes against Poison and Diseases, and are acquainted with the Virtue of some Stones for the Cure of their little Ones, which Physicians value so much, that when they find some of them, they think themselves possessed of a Mass of Treasure.

Here he made a Stand, and argued very naturally upon the ill-placed Humours of Men, representing a formal Prologue to their Vanity; he said, if any one pretended that Man was the only Being capable of receiving Reason, there was some other Creatures, who had glorious Ideas of Sorrow, Joy, and accidental Passions, and who were immediately, upon any sudden Surprise, transported from Pleasure to Pain; for some of them are mightily concerned at the Loss of any Creature, which they have been long acquainted with; or when they see their Offspring taken away. At such Times, said he, I have observed them look wishfully into the Places where their beloved had lain, and either lie down there, or fetch about it many Windings backwards and forwards, with such an Appearance of Concern, as if they would (where it possible) have fainted, or shed Tears at the sad Mischance.

As the Converts thought the old Gentleman was finishing the last Scene, he drew another, and said, there are
some

some irrational Animals, who very well understand Languages; for I have observed, that after they have told their Business to each other, they have gone to such a Place, and done there such a Thing, and what Work they had begun they actually performed.

He was going on to shew us, how artificially some of them built their Houses, and thatch'd them over Head to keep off the Violence of the Weather, when a Flight of Birds flew just by him: I deny, says he, that any Astrologer knows so much of Divination as these Animals: He is a Fool to them in many Respects: They are his Masters, and teach him some of their Arts by particular Signs.

He then shewed us a tame Bird he kept by him, which had so much Knowledge as to kill Serpents and other Vermine which attempted to enter his Cave; and afterwards brought them to the Sight of several other Creatures, that he always kept by him, which, he said, told him, by their Natural Voices, as he lay in his Cave, the first, second, third, and fourth Watch of the Night.

From thence he led the Converts to a River, where they saw several young Swans suning themselves upon the Shore. About an Hour ago, says he, these Creatures were roling upon the Water, ballasted with Sand in the folds of their Wings, and landed by the help of their common Mother, where they now wait for her return, and though they are but a few Weeks old, have so much Sense as not to go with any other of the Kind.

Afterwards stooping down by the Bank of the River, he took up a large Minnow, that he saw swimming amidst the Weeds, and perceiving it to be very old, made a long Descant on the successful Voyages, which that small Fish had undertaken in its time, while many blooming Fortunes had withered by Wrecks or Deluges. He spoke much of its Travels and Adventures. This Creature, says he, has so much Subtlety, as to know how to make its escape and hide itself out of danger, if it sees too powerful an Enemy coming against it: And then he flung the Fish again into its natural Element.

Having ended these changeable Discourses, he led us back to his Cave, where he took up a Covering of Clay, and shewed us engraven on Leaves of Brass, the several Arts and Sciences that the irrational Beings teach. The Student, for his Information, perused some Part of those short Lessons, and saw that the Dove laid down the excellent Rules of Innocency; The Bees Industry; The Spiders

Spiders, the Art of spinning fine Threads; and the Lions, Nobleness of Spirit.

After reading over these and several other Laws that the different Species of Animals observed, and which might very well serve for the Instruction of the politest Nations; The venerable Gentleman said, he had still remaining to tell them a far more curious Relation than any he had hitherto produced, touching the Knowledge and Chastity of the Beings he had been discoursing about.

The Elephant, says he, is the worthiest and most sensible Creature of them all: He never changes his Female; he loves her tenderly, whom he has chosen; with whom nevertheless he does not cohabit but every third Year, and that only five Days, and so privately, that he is never seen in that Act: But on the sixth Day he appears; when before all Things he goes directly to some River, wherein he washes his whole Body, without returning any more to the Herd before he is purified.

Upon hearing all these Instances, the Student told him, at their parting, that at this Rate there were Philosophers and Virtuofos, even among the Animals he had mentioned; who searched into many Curiosities, and made nice Observations of Things, insomuch that he thought their Schools of Morality were the only Places to make Men see their Disorders, by comparing their own irregular Conduct with the Decency and Order observed by those Animals.

At the End of these Speculations, *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin, told the Hermit, that his curious Observations would dwell upon their Minds to the last Period of Life; for that he had instructed them in the Laws and Precepts of Animals and Insects; Examples worthy the Notice of the most learned and finest Genius of all human and rational Beings.

Here they parted, in full Confidence that a Time would come, when they should meet again in a more refined Region, to rectify all Error and Mistake that they here have fallen into in their Enquiries relating either to rational or irrational Beings.

From hence *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin, went on their Journey, and in the Road stopt at a House, where they were asked, as being Strangers, to come in and rest themselves in the Heat of the Day: As they sat looking out of the Window they observed coming up a Person of a grave Aspect, but withal he had something so sublime and elevated in his Countenance, as plainly bespoke him a Person of a more than ordinary Genius. His Eye was quick

quick and piercing, which denoted a lively and brisk Imagination; when at the same time his Aspect was so sedate, and his Department so majestick, as plainly denoted him a Man of a strong and solid Judgment.

Upon the Appearance of so extraordinary a Personage, the Student seemed transported, and immediately rising up ran out to meet him; and after the ordinary Salutation, desired him to walk in and refresh himself, which the other readily accepted of, as the Day began to grow extremely hot. As soon as he had seated himself, he began to enquire who we were, how such a mixt Company came together, and where we were going? We answered his Queries, and desired his Directions. He seemed mightily pleased with our Journey, and assured us we had made the only Choice in this World that could be of any Service to us hereafter: For that the Plains of *Sodom*, where all worldly-minded Men take their Abode, are so full of Snares and Vexation, that no one can find any solid Satisfaction there; whereas the Place you are going to, says he, is always quiet and secure. The Country may not appear perhaps at first Sight so fair and pleasant, and inviting; but then you will find this more than sufficiently supplied by the Ease, Comfort, and Satisfaction, you will perpetually enjoy. Indeed, continues he, the Country of *Sodom* is extremely fertile, and very full of rich Inhabitants; but then it is so subject to Storms and Earthquakes, and Eruptions of sulphureous Matter, that I am surprized any rational Creature should make his Abode there. On the contrary, in the Land of *Canaan* the Air is always calm and serene, and the Inhabitants are very seldom known to suffer any considerable Misfortunes. These are the Advantages you will there enjoy with Respect to this World only: But when I tell you, that the Gate of Paradise is in this Country, and that none but the Inhabitants of this Land of Promise can descend into the Regions of the Blessed Place, you must think this, beyond all Comparison, preferable to the other. He then proceeded, as the Subject naturally led him to discourse of a future State, and the Condition in which departed Souls are placed, till they come to Judgment at the great Day. I have made, says he, Observations on the Accounts given by Men of great Genius, who had only the Light of Nature, and the Helps of Human Learning to guide them; and they describe the Soul, as descending into the State of the Dead, with a Transcript of what they must do as soon as they come into those Regions,

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where

where they must continue till the final Dissolution of these visible Beings.

He said some were of Opinion, that upon the Confines of the Dead, and in View of the other World, they described several Inhabitants, whose Natures are wonderfully suited to the Situation of the Place; for Emblems of Death, say they, may be supposed to be of several Kinds and Diversities.

The first Kind are the Shadows of old Age, Sickness, Fear, Famine, and Poverty: Apparitions terrible to behold to human Nature. They present Death also as the Resemblance of Toil, War, Contention, and Discord: All of which contribute to People this common Receptacle of human Spirits.

The Student reply'd, these Notions and Descriptions of the Habitations of the Deceased are to be understood of their Abode, before the incorruptible Body be raised and re-united to the Soul.

After this the Moralist continued his Narration with great Exactness, according to the Religious Opinions of the Antient Heathens.

Felix told him, some were of Opinion, that the Souls of those, who had liv'd inoffensively in this Life, are permitted to go into their respective Regions of Rest, till called forth at the Great Day to be made much more refined than they were before.

With Submission says the Virgin, I think Innocency of Thought, and Divine Conversation, raises the Mind to high and glorious Ideas, tho' at the same time the Soul dwells in this Tabernacle of Earth. Virtue, says she, conveys our Meditations beyond Trifles and Vanities; and insensibly draws us into the practice of our holy and pure Religion: It keeps the Soul alive, and carries it as it were upon its Wings into those Habitations, where unbodied Spirits commune and converse together.

The Moralist answered, that oftentimes Visions and Dreams carry him even to the Throne of the Creator; where he fancies he sees Angels attending their Maker, with Songs and Hallelujahs. Says the Virgin, I believe what you say to be true, for frequently before I close my Eyes to Sleep at Night, I think myself going to the State of the Dead, the Place of Silence, a Retreat from Sorrow, Pain and Vexation.

Says the Student, my Thoughts join with yours: I am delighted with these sort of Contemplations; they present to us the future State of Souls; whether they be gone to those
Regions

Regions of Light and Felicity, or to those of Sorrow and Darkneſs. It is a Pleaſure to carry our Conceptions into the Dominions of the other World: It gives us ſome Foretaſte of the State of the Deceaſed. I have read, proceeds he, that there are three Kinds of Perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the Borders between Time and Eternity; and I can give no Reaſon for their being placed there in ſo particular a manner, becauſe they none of them ſeem to have a proper Right to a Habitation in thoſe Places, as not having ſpun out the whole Thread of their Lives, and finiſhed their Term of Days allotted them in this viſible World.

The firſt of theſe are the Souls of Infants, who are hurried from the Face of the Earth by untimely Ends.

The ſecond are of thoſe who die Martyrs, or ſuffer wrongfully, or by an unjuſt Sentence.

The third are of thoſe who grew weary of their Lives, and laid violent Hands upon themſelves.

As for the ſecond of theſe, the Ancients add, with great Beauty, that the Judge of the Dead gives them a re-hearing, and aſſigns them their Apartments, ſuitable to the Sentence paſſed upon them at their ſecond Trial. As for the Souls of thoſe unhappy Men who deſtroy themſelves, O how glad would they now endure Life with all its Miſery? But their Deſtiny forbids their return to Earth.

Felix made answer, my Belief, ſays he, is that Man is placed in his Station of Life, like a Poſt-Boy in his proper Inn, which he muſt not quit, whatever may happen, till he is called off to carry away his next Packet of Letters.

Thus the Conference went on in their ſeveral Diſcourſes, relating to the various Opinions of Philoſophers and Others, as to the State of the Dead and departed Souls.

At the End of this Interview the Converts left the Moralift, and proceeded on their Journey till they arrived in the Land of *Canaan*, in view of *Abraham's* Houſe, drawing near that ancient and ſtately Pile, which had a Being even from the beginning of Time.

They took a Proſpect of the Situation, and viewed the Fabrick with a more than ordinary Attention: The Virgin's eager Deſires were ſo inflamed, that ſhe bid the Guide ſtay awhile, that ſhe might behold the Situation of the Place with greater Conveniency; they being now arrived on the Top of a Hill and the Houſe ſeated on a little Deſcent, ſurrounded with Gardens and delicate Vineyards, fenced with lofty Cedars and ſpreading Walnut-trees. They eſpyed a ſpacious Mote, and a Bridge to let down in

the Day and draw up at Night. The next remarkable Scene was a mighty Wall raised up with rubb'd Bricks, and over-run with Laurel Branches and Ivy. The House was built altogether of rich Marble, the Window Frames being made of Walnut-tree Wood. Thus having satisfied their Curiosity, in beholding so lovely a Palace, they went down the Hill, where there was two Rows of tall Elms leading to the Mansion.

When they came to the Gate they read the Inscription wrote over it in Letters of Gold: IN THIS ORIGINAL FABRICK HERE INHABITS THE DESCENDANTS OF MOSES, AARON, THE PROPHETS, APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS; THEY CONTINUE TO BEAR THEIR FORE-FATHERS NAMES, AND PRACTICE THEIR LAWS AND ORDINANCES. *Felix* bid the Guide knock at the Gate, and inform the Collegians that there were three Strangers, Converts, come from *Sodom*, and were going to Mount *Sion*, the *New Jerusalem*.

As soon as the Guide had delivered his Message the Bell in the Turret rung, which was, as supposed, to call a general Consultation of the Society; so that by that time *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin had taken a few Turns in the shady Walks, the Gate was open'd for their admittance; where a Person of a venerable Aspect, whose Name the Guide said was *Moses*, received them with all the Civility becoming his great Ancestor. Then *Aaron* came up to them, and expressed, in the most pathetick Terms, the Satisfaction it was to him, and to all the Collegians, in seeing the arrival of three wealthy Profelytes from the Tents of *Sodom* to *Abraham's* House in the Land of *Canaan*.

Then they were conducted into a spacious Hall, to refresh themselves after the Fatigue of a tedious Progress; at these Words the Virgin burst forth into Tears of Joy, and address'd herself to this Effect: Most noble and worthy Patrons, it must needs be acknowledged that our Journey may well be said to be wearysome, since we have been travelling in a barren *Egypt*, and could never, as yet, find the way to Rest, till lighting on this faithful Guide, our Guardian Angel, he conducted the Student, *Felix* and myself to your blissful Seat; otherwise we might have spent a whole Life in wandering up and down the dark Mountains of Folly, where our Desires carried us, ever since the Years of Discretion, so as never to entertain so much as one serious Thought of Death and Judgment: The enchanting
Snares

Snares of *Sodom* extinguished our Thirsts, after the refreshing Streams that flow in this Land of *Canaan*. O that we had laid aside our Prejudice to Virtue, and accustomed our selves to a holy Life! but why should we repine at what cannot be recalled. Who knows but that our Sincerity, tho' late, may be accepted; and that we may now be faithful to Death, and receive the Crown of Life, the Diadem of Glory.

Then the Student addressed himself; says he, we can only return you the Tribute of our Thanks, for condescending so far as to admit us into your Society, and this delightful Habitation, which are far more agreeable than an Imperial Court crowded with Licentious Libertines.

Felix concluded, we hope our Addressies have not interrupted your Proceedings, or run counter to your established Rules; therefore we intreat you to act with a free Temper, and make us acquainted with your Discipline, which we shall readily observe with the greatest Complacency and Satisfaction of Mind.

They had no sooner ended their Speeches to *Moses*, *Aaron* and *Abraham*, but the Descendants of the Prophets, Apostles and the Evangelists came up in a Body, and made several Speeches to them, too numerous here to Record: Then conducted the Converts into a Room to read the Orders of the House, which were hung up, and wrote in fair Characters. Here they were left alone to imprint every Article upon the Table of their Hearts, each Line being sufficient to charm a Heathen into the Love of Virtue. The first Article was, that whenever any Inhabitant was admitted into the Family, frequent Prayers should be made to the Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth, that he would vouchsafe to encrease the number of his Elect, and to hasten his Kingdom; then the Bells, being eight in number, rung their Chimes, and made so melodious a Sound that *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin shed Tears of Joy, and went up to the Chappel with the Collegians in greater Transport than they ever did to a Wedding, or a Coronation Day, in the Tents of *Sodom*.

As soon as the Student and the Virgin had entered the holy Place, they were seated under a sumptuous Canopy, on the Top of which was the Figure of a Crown of curious Work; the Guide told them that was in Token of their Youth, and the Victory gained over the Vanities of Life, and their safe arrival at *Abraham's* House in the Land of *Canaan*.

On this extraordinary Occasion the following Prayer was made by one of the Descendants of the Evangalists.

“ O Father of Mercies, and God of all Comforts, we
 “ are here met together to set forth thy Praise, and bless
 “ thy holy Name for all thy Wonders of Grace so boun-
 “ tifully shewn to us, and to all Mankind; but more espe-
 “ cially for adding to this Family three more Souls that
 “ shall be saved, Persons that were implanted in vicious
 “ Habits, of the continual Growth, in the rank Soil of Ini-
 “ quity, and the Offspring of the most luxuriant Plants in
 “ *Satan's* Garden, and of those, concerning whom our
 “ dear Redeemer said it was more possible for a Camel to
 “ go through the Eye of a Needle than that they should
 “ enter into his Kingdom; Lord, here is a rich *Felix*
 “ come to work in thy Vineyard, in the eleventh Hour
 “ of Life; and two others in the sixth Hour of Life; it
 “ grieves them to the very Heart that they came no sooner,
 “ and we praise thee that they are come at last: Pour
 “ down thy richest Blessings on them, thy humble Servants,
 “ who are desirous to change the Tents of *Sodom*, to live
 “ in *Abraham's* House; they who have deserted the
 “ Prince of Darkness to adhere to the King of Glory; they
 “ are retired from the Crowds of a debauched City to en-
 “ joy the Comfort of a retired Solitude; they have for-
 “ saken the Society of the Licentious to keep Company
 “ with the righteous *Lots* in *Canaan*: May no Argument
 “ of the Wicked prevail so far as ever to draw them back,
 “ or cause their Souls to relapse, but endue them with thy
 “ Heavenly Aid, and give them sufficient Strength to answer
 “ the Atheist and Deist in their erroneous Notions: O
 “ thou Father of Light illuminate their Minds by the
 “ powerful Influence of thy divine Spirit, and make them
 “ truly sensible that Holiness brings Peace and Assurance
 “ for ever. These Prayers and Praises we most humbly in-
 “ treat thee, O thou *Jehovah*, to accept, for the
 “ Mercies of thy dear Son *Jesus Christ*, our blessed
 “ Lord and Saviour.”

At the Conclusion of this Prayer there remained a profound Silence, the whole Audience kept on their Knees, solemnizing private Ejaculations to the high God that reigneth in Glory.

As soon as they arose, every one of the Collegians had delivered to them, by the Servants of the Chappel, either a Harp or some other musical Instrument; then one of the Descendants of the Royal Prophet *David* began an Anthem with his Voice and his Harp only,
 when

when immediately the whole Audience (except *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin) joined in Concert both with their Instruments and Voices; in the height of the Hallelujah every Eye was fixed upon the new Inhabitants, the Converts. I thought the Echo sounded so melodious as if all the Heavenly Host had, for a Time, come down and assisted in the Hallelujahs and Praises in *Abraham's* House in the Land of *Canaan*; the Converts even seemed translated from Earth to the Regions of Light; they resembled Saint *Paul*, as it were, when carried out of the Body.

The Anthem being ended, the Virgin rose up; I am, said she, so far carried beyond the frivolous Vanities of this Vale of sensual Pleasure, that I could willingly set me down in one of the lowest Seats in this Chappel, and, if it were possible, spend the Remains of Life in adoring my Sovereign Creator, and setting forth his Praise in Psalms and spiritual Songs: O sweet Harmony! to hear every Morning, Noon and Night, these Angelical Voices, Emblems of the Church Triumphant, where Saints inhabit to endless Ages: This is to me a Foretaste of those inexpressible Delights, in the Enjoyment of which we are to spend our Days, when our Spirits are glorified and divested of a Body of Flesh.

As the Virgin was coming from the House of Prayer, *Sarah*, the Wife of *Abraham*, came up to her, and addressed her in these Words; may this House for ever thus flourish, and be continually filled with such Converts as you: O virtuous and chaste Virgin! may every Kingdom and State imitate such your glorious Example; may every Mannor and private Farm be blessed with such spreading Branches, that shoot out of a noble Stock; may the aged as well as young, look and dress themselves by this Virgin's and the Student's Glass.

Let the History of these Penitents be translated into all Languages, and preserved in every Study and Library as Records to the End of Time.

For what can contribute more to the Glory and Safety of any Nation than the exemplary Lives of young Students and Virgins. They will find that the Discipline of Religion is not so strict and rigid, as represented by the Atheists and Deists; but on the contrary, its Burden is easy, and its Yoke is light: The Precepts of holy Writ allows all the innocent Pleasures that reasonable Creatures can desire; and abridges its
Votaries

Votaries of no Enjoyments but those that are apparently prejudicial to their Welfare in both Worlds.

To this Address of *Sarah* no Answer was returned; the Virgin seemed to be veiled with the Mantle of Humility, as not assuming any Merit at all in herself: this Act I thought added Beauty to all her other Virtues.

Then I saw that the Audience separated, and left *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin to contemplate alone, by themselves, in secret Prayer and private Conference.

Felix spoke first; says he, supposing there were no Rewards or Punishments, in the future State, nevertheless, it is evident that there is more real Satisfaction in one Day's Converse in the Conversation of the Righteous, than in an Age within the Tents of *Sodom*, tho' set out in all its gaudy Lustre and painted Vanity.

Says the Student, I never as yet found any Pleasure in a vicious Habit, but what was varnished over with false Colours, the End Shame and Confusion of Soul.

The Virgin reply'd, where is that particular Vice that can afford rational Beings any solid Comfort; or lasting Tranquility of Mind? After they had thus given in their particular Opinions, upon these Subjects, it was near the going down of the Sun, in the longest Day, when the Creation was dressed in her Summer Habit: The whole Society went into the adjacent Fields and Meadows, to divert themselves with an Evening Repast, till Supper was prepared and ready to be served up; when all sat down and jointly participated of what Providence had prepared for them. After Grace was said, and the Table uncovered, the Servants retired and shut the Door.

Then the Collegians entertained their new Comers with variety of diverting Discourses upon Philosophy, Arts, Sciences and Historical Records; thus they set in Conversation till the Bell rung to Prayers, and the Chapel illuminated with Candles, set in Chrystal Branches; at the End of the Service all the Collegians took up again, either a Harp, a Lute, or a Dulcimer, and begun an Hymn joined with their Voices; so that (the Lustre of the Scene of the Lights was so dazzling, and the Harmony of the Instruments so enchanting) I thought it represented the Glories of the invisible World.

The publick Service of the Day being thus ended, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin were conducted to their several Apartments; all which were hung round with the Pictures of *Moses*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apostles,

stles, and the Evangelists; as also those of *Shadrach*, *Mefach* and *Abednego*, walking in the midst of a fiery Furnace, without a Hem of their Garments being singed by Fire.

These Images, of departed Saints and Martyrs, kept them awake till Midnight; those Scenes sent their Thoughts back to the first original Age, when the Creator had finished his six Days Work, and the whole Face of the Earth appeared in all her new-made Ornaments; when the Image of Man had familiar Converse with his God, and *Abraham* talked with him, and heard him answer.

I thought, with myself, that could I be inspired, but for one Hour, to converse with my Creator, and my Jesus, I should think my Soul safe, and my Assurance to Heaven confirmed.

Then I saw that *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, went to their private Devotion, to implore Divine Protection, during the nightly Shades, that bear the Image of Death.

Early in the Morning they all arose, and put up their Ejaculations to their God; then they opened the Casements of their Windows, that looked into the Grove; there they were entertained with a Choir of Birds, singing on the Branches of Trees, as if they were bid to welcome them to *Abraham's* House.

When these Matings, of the winged Choir were over, the Converts walked out of their separate Apartments into one of the Gardens, incircled with Borders, decked on every Side with Flowers, some blown, others just peeping out from the Clifts of their Hoods; at the Sight of these delightful Objects the Student broke forth, and said;

“ O, how amiable art thou, the Creator, in all thy Works! Who is like unto thee in thy Energies? I have heard of those Artists that could draw the Likeness of any Thing that appears to their View, but I could never, as yet, meet with that Mortal whose Ingenuity crown'd him with such Success as to cause Flowers to bud and blow, and spring out of the Earth, without either planting or sowing Seed.”

Then *Felix* came out of his Apartment, and went to the Student and the Virgin; as they were viewing these glorious Contextures of Nature, says he, what a wonderful Work was the first founding of all these Vegetables that we now behold and wonder at with Astonishment, not to be expressed in Words or conceived by Thought?

Felix, the Student and the Virgin continued thus, till called to receive their Morning Refreshment, of God's good Creatures: Here they staid near an Hour, conversing with the Collegians upon innocent and inoffensive Points, entertaining to the Body, and not hurtful to the Soul.

From thence all the Family went to the Morning Service; and the Instruments and human Voices broke forth into high Strains of Praises; there was not one jarring Sound heard in all their Tunes; their melodious Notes were so sweet and musical that the very Animals, the Deer in the Park came up to the Terras Walk, under the Windows of the Chapel, and listned attentively to hear the Sound eccho from above, and in the adjacent Thickets. The assembling together of these Animals, as it were into a united Company, looked as if they understood how to pay their early Tribute to the first Cause of all Beings.

From these holy Exercises the Collegians, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin went into the Vineyards and Grove, and separated into small Companies.

The Converts took a bye Path to themselves. Says the Student, whenever I look over my Books, in my Study, it brings to my Mind, that good Men, without stirring from their Books, may make great Discoveries of the Beauty and Deformity of Nature: For the reading ancient Authors, and looking back to past Ages, gives a History, or properly speaking, a Collection of the Crimes and Misfortunes of Mankind: Tho' these Evils do not fill up the Pages in Record, and include all the Experience of private Persons, yet there are every where something that is morally good; some Examples of Virtue and Happiness; and this is that which makes the Difficulty; for if there were none but evil and unhappy Men, there would be no occasion of making Remarks between Virtue and Vice; it is a Mixture of Happiness and Virtue, with Misery and Vice, which gives a Scope to Authors to treat upon such variety of Subjects.

Says *Felix*, I have often taken an Observation of the Affairs of Mankind, and considering, a little, that good Things are sometimes bestowed upon a Nation, and afterwards that People are often afflicted for their Offences committed within themselves.

The Student answered; says he, if we peruse past Records ever so little, we shall find the Truth of this Assertion: I have read the Observations given by the Ingenious, and there I apprehend that the same Jupiter, to whom Sacrifices were offered for a Victory gained, was honoured
upon

upon other Occasions, to the end he should cease to afflict the People of *Rome*; and tho' there was one *Vejovis*, much more inclined to do Evil than to do Good, nevertheless it was believed that *Dijovis*, or *Diespiter*, i. e. the God *Jupiter*, darted the Thunder Bolts. *Aulus Gallius* explains himself in such a manner, that he clearly distinguishes *Jupiter* from *Vejovis*.

Says *Felix*, I apply these Fictions of the Poets to the occasion of our arrival in the Land of *Canaan*, from the Tents of *Sodom*. Providence has given us from out of her Fountain of rich Wine, large Portions to drink; and out of the Fountain there is nothing but bitter Dregs; she has given full Bowls into the Hands of those that still remain in *Sodom*, and will not make a Progress to Mount *Sion*, the *New Jerusalem*. The Student said;

I have taken Notice how the Engine of the World runs round, sometimes Prosperity points towards the Wicked, and sometimes towards the Virtuous. *Felix* answered;

Should a curious Artist undertake to paint the Lineaments of Virtue and Vice, and hang Pictures at the Doors of our Temples, I am sure every Person, who beheld the Portraiture, would say, as they come to divine Worship, what are Sinners doing? every Figure describes them an Atheist, a Deist, or a Reprobate.

After these Conferences, between the Student and *Felix*, I observed, at a distance, *Sarah*, *Abraham's* Wife, and the Virgin, set alone on a Bench in the Grove, discoursing together; I went up to them, their Subject was on Death, the Period of all Mortals.

Says *Sarah* to the Virgin, this solitary Retreat puts me in mind of Mortality, and our short continuance here on Earth: We come into the World with a Cry, and depart with a Groan: Our short Abode in this Vale, may well be compared to that of Flowers, which suddenly spring up in a fruitful Soil: Some appear more gay and beautiful than others; some begin to blow in the Morning, and others to take their Turns when the Day is farther advanced, discovering themselves by an insensible growth; but a Fate attends them all: For some are nipt in the Bud; others when a budding; some are blown to their utmost extent before they are gathered; others are cropt off as soon as their Colours are displayed: Some die away by the sharpness of the Air; others by the heat of the Sun: Some for want of Refreshment, whilst others continue till the Root is quite dried up for want of Moisture: However, in the space

of a few Months there is nothing to be seen but a Bundle of dry Kecks, or withered Stalks.

To this solemn Relation the Virgin made answer; says she, our first Parents were created in the infancy of the World, and ever since the Generation of Men have taken their Turns in the several Ages of it: Some depart in their Mother's Womb, and never see the Light of the Day: Some come into the World just to die; and others only live so long in it as to send forth a few mournful Cries: Some give their Parents a few Months Trouble, and depart as soon as weaned from the Breast: Some live to hear themselves utter a few intricate Words, which they do not understand, and then expire as if they had never been: Some continue five or six Years, and then sink into the lower Shades: Some stand the Shock till fifteen, and then are turned to Dust: Some bare it out to the flower of Youth, and then go down with Sorrow to the Grave: Some having attained to the middle Age bid adieu to all their Pleasures, and fall a Victim to unrelenting Death: Some get up above the seventieth Year, and leave the World in a good old Age: Some weather the Storm for ninety Years, and at last die like a Child: So that the Generations that were formerly living in the World, as we are at present, are all dead and gone: And in a short Time we shall follow the Steps of our Fore-fathers, and Men will cease to be born.

I observed, that all the Time the Virgin was delivering this Lecture of Mortality, Tears distilled from her Eyes like Drops of Water from a Fountain. I was highly delighted to see Virtue thus flow and spring up in the Breast of a young Virgin: What Philosopher, what Divine, could deliver himself in a more eloquent and florid Style than she did? a Language out of the common Level of Mankind: Her Voice, her Speech, conveyed my Thoughts to the Tombs and Charnel House of Death, the End of all Flesh. No sooner had I called back my Thoughts from the Habitation of the Dead, but I heard the Harps, the Lutes and the Dulcimers, tuning their Notes in the Grove: Here I fancied myself translated out of the Body, and carried up into the Regions above; for the Musick seemed to dye in a distant Sound, and its Notes raised up beyond the Airy Regions.

These, and such like, are the Amusements of every Day, within the Verge of *Abraham's* House: One Portion of Time is spent to converse and talk with God; another

another Part is allotted for Prayer, and some for Pleasure: So that the Body is refreshed as well as the Soul, with such Diversities and Changes of Duties and Exercises. At other Seasons of the Day and Night some adjourn to their Closets, some to the Vineyards, or wherever virtuous or innocent Diversions leads them: No Vice or Irregularities are seen or heard within this Retreat from *Sodom*.

Here every Hour seems to be a Thanksgiving, or a Coronation Day: All are instructed in sacred Writ; every Text is truly explained, and expounded; as also Philosophy, Arts and Sciences, Voyages and Travels: These Records are deposited in *Abraham's Library*.

Felix, the Student and the Virgin, frequently retire to the Park, and walk round the Canals, viewing the Robes of State with which the divine Being clothes the spacious Plains, Fields and Meadows, in the Spring of every Year; and undresses them again in the Autumn and Winter. Thus the Loom of Nature is ever working, it never stands unimployed; it is a perpetual Motion.

If we do but search, ever so little, into the Secrets of natural Productions, we may observe several Sorts of Trees and Plants, that are no sooner stript of their old Vestures, but the God of Nature is working new ones out of their own Substance.

Then is it not highly reasonable to believe that Man, the Image of his Creator, will be set off in the Morning of the Resurrection with everlasting Ornaments, and made far more lovely than the Roses and Pionys now appears to our View.

How transcendent, glorious and seraphick, will our Spirits appear, when we come to enter within the resplendent Regions. There is not a single Plant or Weed, in any Park, but the more we look on it, the more its wonderful Contexture discovers itself to our Eyes. Sweet Jesus! how ought we to be filled with Admiration, when we behold thy Wonders, and feel thy sweet enamulation of that inward Peace, which insensibly flows from Virtue and Innocency, becalmed with divine Contemplation in Retirement.

Virtue and Innocency is a continual Feast; it is made for the Entertainment of the Soul, and the Soul ordained for the everlasting Enjoyment of it: The Guilty are Strangers to it: It is truly known to none but the Regenerate. There is a seeming Virtue and Innocency, which for a while, may attend the Hypocrite or false-hearted Professor, who thinks himself happy by reason of the sudden

fudden Flashes of Peace that darts into his Mind, at some uncertain Seasons: But alas! it falls short of those Rivers of well-grounded Satisfaction that continually flow from Virtue and Innocency. The Peace of the Wicked is much broken, but the innocent Mind continues in Tranquility, and stands like a Rock of Adamant. The Sinner's Peace is counterfeit; his Virtues are withered: But the truly innocent and inoffensive Soul is continually blooming fresh and green: The Sinner's Ease is short and transitory, but the Joys of the Righteous are everlasting: The Sinner's Thoughts are variable; but the Virtuous are durable, and not subject to change. The Sinner's Mind is clouded with Fears, but the Virtuous are always Composed and Calm: The Sinner's Hope will perish with him, but the Righteous will remain in the Day of Adversity, and in the Hour of Death.

Let none deceive their Souls in expectation of arriving at Mount *Sion* by the Means of carnal Security, a steadiness of Mind, built on a sandy Foundation; but examine the State of their own Heart, and bring it to the Touchstone of the Divine Law: For what will a false Hope avail, when the Tryal is called on at the great Day of general Assize.

As *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, were contemplating upon what had been thus delivered to them, upon the Subject of Saints and Sinners, Virtue and Innocency, one of the Servants of the House came and told them there were Coaches at the Gate, attended with a large Retinue, who desired to speak with them.

The Converts were struck with no small Surprize, as not knowing the Meaning of such a Visit; they went to them, and who should they be but the Duke of Worldly Honour, the Marquess of Masquerades, Plays, &c. with the young Countess of Sensual Pleasure.

These Visitors pretended they had travelled Day and Night, out of singular Love and Respect they had for *Felix*, the Student, and the Virgin: The Converts could do no less than to take them into their Apartments to refresh themselves, and to walk out with them into the Gardens and Groves, to hear the Reason of their Visit.

The first that spoke was the Duke of Worldly Honour: He address'd himself to the Student; says he, I admire that a Man of your Parts and Learning should be so strangely led away by a Pack of crazy Dotards, with the simple Notion of the supreme Power and a Resurrection-Day, since there

can be no more in it than there is in a *Dasie* that grows in the Fields, a silly sort of Flower which serves only to amuse Children and Fools. Be wise and go back with me to the Tents of *Sodom*; there are Preferments to crown you with which will abundantly satiate your Desires, and raise your Grandeur.

The Student returned for answer; alas! do you think to bring me over to your Party by repeating an old Atheistical Aphorism, which is scarce of sufficient Force to prevail with a *Jew*, a *Turk*, or a *Pagan*, that there is no such thing as a supreme Being and a future Day of Reckoning.

Sir, says he, if you design to prevail with me, you must produce more cogent Reasons, and offer me greater Honours; for no less Reward than a Crown will be able to draw me out of *Abraham's* House, in my Progress to *Mount Sion*; and it must be also an Imperial Diadem, purchased from above, or else it will not serve my Turn.

You tell me that the divine Power and the Truth of a Resurrection, is no more visible than it is in a *Dasie* Flower; I'll grant it, and shall prove the Reality of both, by the admirable Curiosity that appears in the Texture of that despicable Weed: For how many pretty Leaves, diversified with curious Colours, shoot out of the Top of that little Stalk? Tell me, if thou can'st, by what Art it is so wonderfully wrought, and by what Force it springs out of the Ground? Thy want of Ability, to resolve this Question, assures me of the immense Power of God, and the Certainty of my Body arising again; so that I am resolved to stay in Solitude, till thou can'st summon up stronger Arguments to prove thy presumptuous Assertion.

As for thy Preferments in *Sodom*, I do not value them, there is nothing in it but an empty blast of Air, that is soon blown over, and dispersed in the thick Mist of Oblivion. As for my Part,

Whosoever may be enamoured with fleeting Shadows, I desire not to be dandled in such slippery Arms, which raises up in a Trice, to make Fools look and think it a fine thing to be advanced to a high Station, and then to be let fallen, on a sudden, and so become a Laughing-Stock to the Crowds of gazing Spectators; which is frequently the sad Catastrophe of those who ambitiously aspire to the highest Pinnacle of Preferment, either in Church or State.

I shall think myself sufficiently rewarded if I can but become a Favourite of the Sovereign Monarch of Heaven, and be raised to his Kingdom, where I shall never be in danger of falling into the Valleys of Disgrace, but admired
by

by all the Citizens of Mount *Sion*, to the endless Ages of Eternity.

The Duke of Worldly Honour, perceiving his Designs to be frustrated, retired and sent up the Marquess of Masquerades, Plays, &c. This Vice-chancellor of *Satan's* Universities addressed himself to *Felix*; most worthy *Felix*, says he, and well-beloved Friend, What strange Fancy hath led thee hither to so dismal a Solitude, incircled with melancholy Groves and wild Wilderesses? This is no proper Habitation for the Frequenters of my Houses, especially a Ruler of the People; a generous Soul who used to be my constant Guest every Evening, either to see a Masquerade, Ball, Tragedy, or Comedy.

It is not the Loss of part of my yearly Revenues, to which thou hast subscribed with great Liberality, that causes me to be so much concerned, as the Absence of thy noble Person and that of thy Companions; for if my House were deserted by Men of thy Quality, my Traffick would altogether cease, and the Doors must be shut up.

Therefore, I intreat thee, noble *Felix*, to return with me; I have new Operas, Tragedies and Comedies, in Rehearsal, and ready to be performed at our arrival: The Dresses and Scenes are likewise new, so that I doubt not but to have Houses filled with the chiefest of thy Rank and Quality: And for their better Entertainment, there is just arrived several *French* and *Italians* to Dance and Sing, which perform to Admiration. Their Voices and Harmony, with the Beauties of the female Sex, will charm and glut thy Eyes and Ears, and satiate thy Desires more than the Elysian Fields.

Sir, says *Felix*, will you be pleased to take notice, that the quick Sense of the malignant Nature of Sin was the chief Motive that induced me to go with the Student and the Virgin: I am conscious of my frequent resorting to thy lewd Operas, Masquerades, &c. and the sight of thy gaudy and dressed up Audience.

The more Company I formerly used to bring to thy House, so much the more I ought to refrain from those Vanities for the future. As for your deluding Phantoms of a Company of *French* and *Italians*, just arrived, that shall never decoy me into the Snare. I desire no more to see their antick and disguised Dresses, nor to hear their atheistical and blasphemous Discourses; those wanton Airs, painted Scenes, and tempting Songs, are apt to strike a Damp on the Spirits even of the best of Men.

I have

I have often observed, that many faithful Servants of God who took the Liberty to go to your Entertainments, once or twice a Year, have strangely fall'n away in the Performance of their respective Duties; not being able to recover their former Sanctity of Life for some considerable Time; which Indisposition was apparently occasioned by vain Thoughts, that darted into their Minds, relating to what they had seen or heard in those licentious Theatres.

Tell me not of the Crowds of Nobility and Gentry that are to be Partakers of your pompous Shews and new Scenes; it now grieves me to the very Heart that Persons nobly descended should act so contrary to known Principles, and debase themselves so far as to set forth such ill Precedents.

If I could by any Means be prevailed upon to return with you, it should be to let those Persons of Honour know how misbecoming it is to their high Birth and Character, to encourage and maintain such lewd Packs of flashy, ill contrived Sophisters, who fain would pass for the greatest Wits of the Age; but are altogether void of true Wisdom, as not being capable to hold a Disputation with Men of sound Judgment. For it may be observed, by any judicious Person, that when these pretended *Solomons* are engaged in any solid Argument, and find themselves put to it, they immediately have recourse to pittiful Shifts and Evasions, endeavouring to buffoon a sincere Christian out of his excellent Reasonings, by a few Repartees and wild Notions, which the Poets have beat into their add'l'd Brains, as a Rod of Correction does the A, B, C, into the shallow Intellects of a dull-pated Boy, who can say no more than what he learns by wrote.

On the other Hand, the Children of the high God cannot be buffoon'd, or easily imposed upon; but soon expose their Adversaries egregious Follies to Scorn and Derision. For who can have greater Advantages than those that are enriched from above? and experimentally know the Difference between Good and Evil; between Virtue and Vice; between Things that are honest, laudable, lovely and of good Report; and those that are sordid, detestable, vile and infamous.

For whereas wicked Miscreants are skill'd in nothing but the black Art of Hell, with a Tincture of blind Philosophy: So that true Prudence is to be found in none but the genuine Sons of the all-wise God, and Heirs of Salvation.

The Marquis of Masquerades, Plays, &c. having heard *Felix's* Resolves, went away, and gave Place to the young Countess of Sensual Pleasures; she came up

to the Virgin, dressed to the best Advantage, in gaudy Attire, to demand the Reason how she had changed her fine Apparel for so plain a Dress, as she now appeared in; becoming all of a sudden so meak and humble in Spirit, who not long since was of a high and haughty Disposition: Come, said she, Virgin, return with me to the Tents of Sodom, I will strip thee of this formal Habit, and adorn thee with Plumes of Pride, agreeable to thy Birth and celebrated Beauty: Be persuaded to lay aside these melancholy Looks and Carriage towards thy Inferiors, and ornament thy noble Descent with a majestick Look.

The Virgin answered; my former Misdemeanors ought not to be exposed, and brought in as a Motive to enduce me to continue in the same Follies; since Experience and divine Grace has refin'd my Understanding, and purified my Morals. Pride may become brute Beasts, but it is altogether unseemly and odious in the Professors of Christianity; for nothing displays a Woman's Folly more than an idle Conceit of her own Worth and Beauty: And indeed whenever our Sex, vain-gloriously, vaunt it over their Inferiors, as if they were not Flesh and Blood equal with themselves, they do but imitate a silly Child that is mightily pleased with a gaudy Feather in his Cap, and thinks he can do much greater Feats in his mastering his Playfellow, than if he were stript of his Finery, or appeared in as mean a Garb as the poor Boy with whom he is contending with.

Madam, says she, it is not your black Plague-Spots of Damnation, nor the paint laid so thick on your freckled Face, which fitly represents the Flames of a wounded Conscience: It is not your Equipage, Necklace of Pearl, rich Pendants, Breast Jewels, Locketts of Diamonds, repeating Watch, and other gay Trinkets, they shall no longer dazzle my Eyes, or inchant my Senses, so as to make me your future Companion: On the contrary, I'll learn to adorn my Mind with those excellent Graces of Virtue and Innocence, and keep on this my plain Dress, as you are pleased to term it, so shall I become an humble Associate of the lowly and meak in Spirit.

Pride of Heart is the very Essence of the Prince of Darkness, and gorgeousness of Vesture, is as it were his outward Garb, in which he sometimes Counterfeits the Lustre of an Angel of Light: Then whosoever will may take Pleasure in being puffed-up with Vain-Glory and Arrogance; talking big, and casting scornful Glances on other Vessels made of the same Mould with themselves. I'll incessantly put up my Petition to Heaven for an even
Temper,

Temper, equal to that of the Patriarch *Job*, and learn of my crucified *Jesus* the Acts of Mortification and Self-denial; and be familiar in my Demeanour towards all that bear the Image of their Creator.

For what Excellency is there in me, tho' I am wealthy, young and beautiful, more than in another Person? am not I framed in the same Likeness? And must not I lay down in the same Level at last, with all the rest of mortal Beings?

Are my Qualifications more sublime than those of other Virgins? Am I carved out in a finer Shape than they, by the curious Hand of the Almighty? so much the more ought I to humble myself, and look up to the indulgent Father of Mercies, from whom every good and perfect Gift proceeds; as well knowing that if I be conceited with myself, or puffed-up on Account of my natural Endowments, such a vain Presumption would over-shadow, and eclipse all my real Worth and Excellency. I'll never entertain a fond Opinion of my own Abilities, but learn by Degrees to refine my Speculations, by taking more Delight in hearing other Virgins well spoke of, than seeing myself revered and applauded.

Let my Sex make what Figure they please, by trimming up a dying and corruptible Body with gay Apparel, I shall think my Dress sufficiently genteel, if I can but cover the Nakedness of my first Parents, and defend myself against the cold Blasts of Winter Storms: For what Advantage is the outward Ornament of a few gay Peacock Feathers? which only encreases the Arrogance of the Person that wears them, and attracts the Eyes of the Envious to look how they are stuck on, who are apt to cavil at every Mode of dressing, and even at the misplace of a single Lock of Hair.

Therefore be gone from me, vain-glorious Countess, for I am resolved to dwell in *Abraham's* House, with the Family of the Meek; where no ambitious Worldlings inhabit, nor haughty insulting Spirits disturb the Tranquility of our Retirement.

Upon these resolute Reprimands, the arrogant Lady perceiving her Allurements to be of no Force, went away, and left the Virgin alone to return treble Praises to the high God, that she had thus valiantly overcome the grand Enemies of her Salvation.

The three Agents, the Vicegerents of Satan, were incensed with the Disappointment they met with, after a long

and tedious Journey, so that they returned from whence they came, *viz.* the Tents of *Sodom*.

At their departure the Converts told the Collegians all that had pass'd, and to perpetuate the Memory of this Day, *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin were conducted, in the Evening, into an Apartment, representing a Theatre, in which there was a Stage illuminated with Lamps and Candles; then all the Collegians appeared, with musical Instruments in their Hands, and performed an Anthem upon this extraordinary Occasion; which, what with their Voices and the sound of Harps, I thought was so seraphick and glorious, that it imitated holy and immaterial Spirits in their Hallelujahs.

At the Period of these Praises and Thanksgivings, sent up to the high God, that reigns in Glory, a Scene was drawn, representing a Penitent surrounded on all Sides with Laurels and Trophies of Honour.

The History of this Convert was rehearsed to *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin: The Contents ran thus, the Penitent, represented in this Scene, was a Sinner, as well as you; he lived in *Sodom*, before it was destroyed by Fire and Brimstone, but by the mighty Power of God he left that City, and travelled to *Abraham's* House in *Canaan*, there he lived, and there he died: It is to his Memory that this Record is kept, as an original Piece to paint after, of which *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin may be said to Copy in the first Part of their Progress; and in this have obtained a Victory over Worldly Honours, sensual Pleasures, Pride and Ambition.

This original Penitent, at his Conversion, composed the following Prayer: " O, thou God *Jehovah!* let my
 " Petition at thy Throne be, that thou wouldst never forsake me, but grant me the Favour, and the
 " Light of thy Countenance: Let me not be betrayed into
 " any Thing that is ungrateful or unjust: Let me not shut
 " my Ear to the Cries of the Nedy, nor forget the Person that has deserved well of me: Let me not for any
 " Fear desert my Friends, my Principles, or my Honour:
 " If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual Attendance, make me meek and humble in Soul: If Poverty overtakes me, may I resign to thy Will, and bear
 " Hunger, Cold and Nakedness. There is more Pleasure
 " in the Practice of Virtue, than in that of Riches, Parents, Children, Wife or Friends. My Soul glow'd within me at the rehearsal of this original Prayer, made before *Sodom* was destroyed.

And

And yet I was still more delighted in seeing another Scene drawn, representing two Altars, one the Emblem of Light, the other of Darknes: In the first there was an Angel decyphered, holding a Transparent Globe in his Hand, signifying the Glories of Heaven: Then I cast my Eye upon the Altar of Darknes, there I was struck with Pain and Horror; I beheld nothing there but Shadows, Clouds and Darknes; the Regions crowded with multitude of Images, disfigured with frightful and amazing Aspects: There was represented Life and Death, endless Joys and endless Pains.

Upon a nearer View of this Altar of Darknes, I fancied the Frame of it shak'd and trembled, which made the Scene appear as a Foundation erected upon the Sands; yet the World's Favourites made their Addresses to it, in expectation of receiving Delight and Pleasure, but they were immediately satiated and went off with Regret. Thus every Generation, Male and Female, take their Turns, and make their Court to this Altar of Obscurity, Misery and Death.

I asked the Student how he liked this Scene; he answered, that there was once a time when he made Court to this Goddess; once, says he, my wandering Thoughts were on these empty Shadows; then those false Appearances were my Pleasure, now they are my Aversion: I have turned my Eyes and Thoughts to the Altar of Light, there my Meditations are fixed and center'd.

The next Scene presented to *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin, was this: There appeared on the Stage a gay Youth, flushed with Wealth, and a religious Votary, in a Nun's Dress; they observed each other with a kind of Scorn or Resentment: O! says the Youth, you will find yourself miserably mistaken in living an austere Life, should there be no Reward in a future State, which is contrary to my Belief; true, says the Nun; but what will your Condition be if there are Regions of Pain? which is my Faith that there is.

Man, says the Nun, is the Image of the Creator, and is designed for two different Worlds: The first Life is short and momentary, the second lasting and endless. The principal Point, we are all concerned in, is which of these two Worlds we make our Choice: The present State is but, as it were, a Span, and the Duration of a few Evening Dreams and Shadows: As for my Part, I will learn to secure the Region of Light, which is fixed and settled for ever. In Practice, the generality of Men adhere to the wrong

Side of the Question; they make Choice of the present Time, and cast off all Thoughts of what will be future.

Here the Nun stopt; and there appeared a Person, dressed in the Habit of a divine Philosopher, musing within himself; one while he looked upon the Youth, and at another his Eyes was towards the Nun.

Says he, I have taken a View of both Worlds; in my Thoughts, I conclude Man to be a Specie of quite different Ends and Purposes than what he really is; must not I imagine according to his Actions, that he only looks after the Possessions of Honour and worldly Grandeur? Must not I think that his Duty is only to toil and labour for that which perishes? Must not I certainly imagine that he is influenced by a Scheme, quite opposite to Reason, and the Rules prescribed in the Laws of Nature? Truly, according to my Thoughts, he must conclude that he is the most obstinate Creature in the Universe; and daily keeps in View the End for which his Actions seem to point at, *viz.* A short Scene of uninterrupted Vanities, and a Resolution to run the Risk, at all Adventures, of being lost and damned for ever.

The Entertainment concluded with the Sayings of the original Penitent. O, Lord God! what is my Life in this State of Misery, but as it were, a continual putting on and pulling off; or an acting the same Part often over. What therefore, can I compare myself unto, whilst abiding in this Vale, than to an Infant sprawling about in the dark and narrow Recesses of his Mother's Womb, not knowing whether it goes, drawing near to its Birth he knows not when; and staying there awhile, in order to be thrown naked into a Region it knows nothing of: Why even thus it is with me, as to my natural Man, I lie shifting about, to-and-fro', in this cloudy and little World, doing I scarce no what; looking to be removed hence, I cannot tell on what Day, Time or Hour, waiting to be flung bare into an unseen Being, that as yet I know little off; but Thanks be to thee great *Jehovah*, it is otherwise with my more noble Part the Soul, for that divine Ray has Liberty, without controul, to fetch many a Peep into the light Regions, and refresh itself by holy Contemplations, notwithstanding its Confinement in this Body of Clay.

Should my Soul be denied that Freedom, to converse with my God, it would be stifled in the Womb of this suffocating Globe of Earth, before it is delivered hence. O, my Creator! what makes me talk of this State of Dust? since ten thousand such material Worlds as this would not
be

be large enough to contain my Soul within their Bounds ; for did it not ever and anon fetch a few Breathings, in its own natural Air, the heavenly Kingdom, and take some Turns in its native Situation, the Dwellings of immaterial Spirits, it would languish with Despair. The next Scene drawn, presented a Youth in white Rayment, holding a Palm in one Hand, and a Manuscript in the other, an original Piece ; he repeated every Word *extempory*, as the Copy run.

Says the divine Author, as often as I take a Prospect of the Creation, I enter into the fathomless depth of Infinity, those Scenes furnish my Mind with Variety of Objects, and prove that there is a Superior that rules over all. I delight to rise early to see the Earth watered with the Dew of the Morning, how the Chrystal Drops hang on every Blade of Grass, in the Fields and Meadows : These Thoughts furnish me with a secret Wonder and profound Awe in these Meditations : I fancy myself in the Garden of *Eden*, before *Eve* prevailed with *Adam* to eat the forbidden Apple. My Opinion is, that then *Paradise* out-shined all the other part of the whole Creation, being in its primitive State of Innocency, but not now to be seen, since the World hath been corrupted, and stained with Degeneracy. Indolence now sinks the Soul below itself ; its Pursuits are center'd little further than this Period of Time : How few take any Observation, or ever read one Line in the whole Volume and Manuscripts that hangs over us, and incompasses this Globe. In that excellent Book there is painted out such variety of Miracles, that may entertain our Thoughts with Delight ; the Universe is placed in such Order, and there are such diversities of Images to be seen, that was Man to live ten Generations, and to fill a Page, close written, every Day of his Life, yet those vast numbers of Sheets would not contain one quarter of the History that may be wrote of all the Bodies, Beings and Vegetables, that adorn our visible World.

In some Instances the Works of Men are curious, and drawn out in fine Threads, both divine and philosophical ; even there we may extract fine Examples, which may guide our Actions in many Stages of Life. It is not acquired Parts that always enrich the Mind with Virtue, or give the Thoughts fine Ideas ; for without natural Acquirements and divine Gifts, we shall never attain to those Perfections that adorn the Soul of wise and good Men. At the End of this Speech there was a profound Silence, the whole Audience seemed

seemed to be conveyed from Earth to Glory: Then the Curtain fell, and the Entertainment concluded.

Here ends the first Part of *Felix*, the Student and the Virgin's Journey, from Time to Eternity. The next to be treated of will contain their Conferences with the Collegians; their Sayings in their last Sickness, and the Orations made at their funeral Obsequies.

The Subject will be solemn; such as may convey the Meditations of *Christians, Jews, Turks, and Pagans*, into the Confines of Mourning: There you will see every Scene painted out in the Images of Mortality, so as you may take a View of the Tombs, there presented, of the Deceased, and let fall a Sigh and a Tear, in Memory of your deceased Ancestors, that have already suffered all the Dishonours of Corruption, and now sleep in the Vaults of the Earth. Tho' our Spirits resemble the Image of *Jesus*, yet it is predestinated that our Flesh and Bones must be the Companion of Worms and Putrefaction: Our original is Dust, and Dust and Rottenness will be our Portion, before our Bodies shall be refined and changed into an immaterial and spiritual Body.

F I N I S.



The VIRGIN'S Vision

The first Night she lay in Abraham's House.

I Had no sooner drawn my Curtains, and compos'd my Mind to rest, with the pleasing Ideas of my being arriv'd in *Canaan* from *Sodom*, but I fancied I was convey'd into an unknown Region; and passing away my Time in Company of Myriads of Beings, entertaining each other with Hallelujah's and Songs of Praises, I beheld there the infinite Perfection of the Deity, and saw even created Beings moving round the Throne of Jesus. Thus my Speculations were rais'd beyond sensual Enjoyments. These glorious Sights awak'd me out of my Sleep; but I was immediately thrown again into a strange Amusement, if I may call it such; for I cannot certainly tell what it was, by reason the Sun had been for some Hours set, and my Thoughts were wholly taken up on divine Objects. Be it what it will, I was entertained with so clear a Prospect of an endless Scene of Worlds, as if I had seen a new Creation of Wonders weaved out to me in the Loom of Nature. I fancied I saw the azure Sky croud'd with the same glorious Lamps, which I had been lately contemplating upon. I was looking very attentively on a Star towards the East, when on a sudden there appear'd a blazing Light, as if the Element was all of a Flame. Upon its abating, the great Luminary came forth of his private Chamber, with all the Emblems of Beauty about him, shining in its full Strength, and spok'd to me after a very uncommon manner: I am, says he, of a purer Substance than the Earth, and compos'd of Particles, which never swimm'd in the Floods that were dispers'd about the black Chaos. But upon my being advanced into the unknown Depth of the Firmament, I was order'd immediately to go to my limited Circuit, where I met, in my first three Day's Progress, Multitudes of Beings just form'd, peeping forth from the dark Womb of Obscurity in their full Growth, endowed with Sense. They all instantly enter'd upon Action, with as much Experience, as if they had been acquainted with the Business of the World for a whole Age. What with their Diversi-

ty of Shapes, Activity and Labour, I saw presented to me an Art more curious than I could imagine, in the framing of that Part of the Creation wherein they moved. But things of this sort are not the Occasion of my Visit. There is a vast Number of Objects lodged in the long Track of Heaven, which you cannot view to any Perfection, that have divine Lessons of the supreme Essence described on every Part of them. I, who am of a clear Light, can make what Observations I please. I have divided them, and still open them, and still discover new Wonders of Providence. It may be, you are startled at what I say; but I must tell you, that there are many other shining Spheres, which I can only discern at a vast Distance, glimmering like small Sparks of Fire ascending upwards; which, if you could suit your Notions, as I can, to their Dimensions, you might see one Apartment within another; and so proceed so long as you think fit to continue your Disquisition. If these things appear extravagant and ridiculous, it is because you live remote from such Miracles, and your blunt and gross Organs of Sense are not capable of retaining Ideas that come so near to Perfection. I told him my Mind was filled with secret Delight, and I could frame prodigious Schemes to myself of the large Extent of those distant Worlds; but I fancied I should be laughed at, if I went about to broach such Opinions, as Precepts to be believed by others. Your Remarks, says he, are very right; and I must allow, that what I speak of the mighty Wonders in the upper Regions, only suits such, who very artfully contract within the Compass of their Fancies those great Objects of Admiration, with a Design to instil them into the Minds of others by a kind of insensible Advantage of Instruction. I desired him to furnish me with something more suitable to a general Approbation, and speak of his own Performances. Your Reason tells you, says he, there is no Trace in the Book of Nature that appears to you, which represents a more glorious Figure than myself; though it is strange to see the Clouds and the Rain frequently overshadowing my flaming Orb, which gives by its Heat and Influence many Creatures their first Shapes, so as they come to be so strong and mighty, as to climb up Hills and Trees, and perform the little Actions of Play and Eating. I shall pass over mentioning my bringing forth out of the Earth from Acorns and small Seeds, Woods, Forests, winding Mazes, Beds of painted Flowers, Gardens of Roses, and Bowers of Jessamines, entangled over with Amaranths, and only
speak

speak of two things, which are very extraordinary, neither of them having ever fell out above once in my whole Travels. The first was my being unexpectedly stopp'd in my Course; which was a great Surprize to the Historians, who have very judiciously set down that Incident in their largest Pieces of Antiquity in Capital Letters. The second Obstacle, which I must not omit, was this, I was forced to go back, and bring again my Shadow, which was gone down ten Degrees on the Dial. My total Eclipse, which was so very remarkable, is so well known, that I shall speak nothing of it, only that I was then abashed, and thought a Star looked down from the Sky on the Earth with a much brighter Lustre than myself. As I was endeavouring to pierce into the utmost Spaces that had been described to me, the pleasing Object veiled itself in Darkness; I was left alone, and could see no Appearance in the Sky of any Being whatsoever. At last I heard great murmuring in the Air, as if there had been many Voices contending for Precedency; when on a sudden a rich Scene of Nature was open'd to me, adorn'd with Multitudes of Images, which filled my Mind with a sacred Pleasure, if I may be allowed that Expression. As soon as I had strengthen'd my Sight to the utmost of my Ambition, I saw the Moon, with the rest of the wandering Planets, come forth of their Houses, disputing very earnestly, which of them should be the Leader of the Company. When they had settied that Ceremony, they began to discourse me, in very familiar Terms, about the several Productions of Nature, that cannot be discover'd, by reason of their vast Distance, with the Help of a Telescope. Your Philosophers say, they make Dissections upon human Bodies to see how they are contrived, and think, when they have unravell'd that Mystery, they have attained to abundance of Knowledge: But were they to make such narrow Inspections into the great Number of Objects that are confin'd within the Limits of our Circles, they would look upon all they have hitherto found out, to be little trifling Niceties, scarce worthy their Observation. What you understand of our mutable Revolutions, the distinct Stations we belong to, and the particular Signs and Names we are distinguished by, is very imperfect, and many of the Notions are altogether extravagant. There is something so fine and intricate in the Particles we are compos'd of, that would puzzle all our Thoughts to find out the curious Contexture of them. I must own, said I, that what you say is more edifying than

a Preacher; yet they are Subjects too nice for such as never framed an Idea of the beautiful Perfections that lie concealed in the upper Part of the Creation; which the bare musing upon them, sets forth to Men of Judgment, the great Wisdom and Art visible in the hidden Secrets of the Infinite Being. They were returning me an Answer; but before they came to the Conclusion of it, what with the Diversity of Languages, and Variety of Subjects, which I fancied to be very charming, as well as loud, I got up to reach my Pen and Ink to write down some particular Passages, when unexpectedly I found myself in my Chamber in *Abraham's House*, in the Land of *Canaan*, with only a Rush Candle burning at the Bed-side. I called the Servant that lay in the Room, and asked if any Company had been there. Being answer'd in the Negative, I was much surprized, because I thought I had been engaged almost two Hours in viewing and discoursing with prodigious Multitudes of high-born Beings about very conspicuous Matters. As soon as I was dressed, and found out perfectly, that this was only the Fruits of my natural Fancy, I cast away from me all that was too copious for my Memory to retain, and went to collect what Heads might improve my Mind; yet I could not believe there was any Seed of Vanity in those mere Shadows of my Thoughts, which was so very intricate, as would offend any, who think it the most agreeable Task imaginable, to be frequently practising in the retired Studies of Nature, where every Genius is not capable of entering: for the Notions may serve as Guides to lead divine Minds through both Hemispheres, diversified with Suns, Stars, Lamps and Tapers, seated one above another, and going up to so prodigious a Height, that scarce all our framed Ideas can reach, or pass to the End of them. If any of the Periods in this Vision on the Works of the Creation for confuting Atheism appear too long, and the Thread of them spun out somewhat of the smallest, it will be esteemed so by none, but those who imagine that they can see nothing more than Fields of Riddles painted out in strange Colours, or as an Assembly of Monsters hid in Embrio.. Such Men look upon the Pieces that stand fixed in the immense Tract of the Heavens through false Glasses, that present every Object walking about in blind Disguises; and take all things of this Nature to be only Crouds of immaterial Shadows, described in new Kind of Forms, according to the variable Humours of the Mind.

*Indigent and
humble Christi-
ans are more ex-
cellent than
wealthy and
proud Sinners.*



*The Peasant
that plows and
harrows in the
Fields, enjoys
more Peace than
Tyrants encircled
with Diadems
and Sceptres.*

The PARABLE

Of the Shepherd, Joshua and Mary,

*Who lived in thatched Tenements, secluded from
Noise and Snares: Their Sayings and exem-
plary Lives.*

THE Day after I had taken my Farewell of *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin, I passed over to an Island; and being a Stranger there, I made myself known to a Gentleman, esteemed for his Virtue and Generosity. He received me with Respect, and told me I might make his House my Home. After we had passed through several Conferences relating to *Abraham's* House in the Land of *Canaan*; Sir, says he, there are three Persons that live in my Neighbourhood, whom I value for their Knowledge and holy Living; though I possess a plentiful Fortune, and they move in low Spheres, they exceed me in several Scenes of Life. I esteem their Conversation more than that of the learned Rabbies of the Age. I call them *Righteous Joshua, Zachariah and Mary*. Says he, *Joshua* rents a little Farm, *Zachariah* is a Shepherd, and *Mary* keeps a School. Having heard their Characters, I was desirous of their Acquaintance. It is a secret Pleasure to me to converse with sincere and humble Christians, though their Fortunes are mean,

mean. I went first to *Jeshua*; he had a Wife and three Children. My Visit to him was on the Sabbath-day, in the Morning. When I came, he was reading to his Family out of that excellent Parable, the Book of *Job*; then he retir'd to Prayer, sung a Psalm, and went to Church. I attended him to the holy Temple to observe his Demeanor, which was devout and serious: He solemnized every Moment in so decent a manner, that it affected my Soul. I returned with him to his thatched House, and partook of what Nature had allotted for that Day's Repast, which was only a little Pottage, and Barley-Bread; the Drink not much better than fair Water. Though his Table was thus meanly spread, he sat down with great Content; and after he had eat his Morfel, he said Grace, and read two Chapters in *Ecclesiastes*: then he and his Family went to perform the remaining Duties of publick Worship; which he did with an awful Respect and resolved Obedience to the saving Truths then deliver'd. When Sermon was over, he put up a short Ejaculation, and returned home, saluted all he met with a chearful Countenance. At his Entrance into his Cottage he made the following Prayer.

O Jesus, what Reason have we to rejoice and praise thy holy Name, who hath vouchsaf'd to honour us this blessed Sabbath with thy more immediate Presence: A Favour that ought to be deeply engraven on our Thoughts, so as to influence the Actions of our Life, and raise a Scene of thy divine Mercy, so as never to offend again.

Thus *Jeshua* passed on from one Exercise to another for near two Hours; then he walked into his little Plat, set with Cabbages and Pot-herbs. I talked with him there on the Works of Nature and Providence: after which he went in, and expounded upon the Texts of Scripture treated upon that Day. Near the going down of the Sun, he concluded the Evening Exercise in these Expressions: ‘ O
 ‘ Thou Eternal and High God that reigns in endless Ages,
 ‘ we poor Peasants, the Vassals of an earthly Lord, are
 ‘ come, at the Close of the Sabbath, to pour out our Souls
 ‘ to thee with due Reverence and Humility. We believe
 ‘ that through the Merits of Christ's Blood our Pardon will
 ‘ be sealed in Glory before we remove out of this Tent of
 ‘ Clay. O great Jehovah, condescend so far as to give
 ‘ ear to the unlearned Petitions of us frail, despicable Mor-
 ‘ tals: a Family that are no more regarded by the rich
 ‘ Dives's

' *Dives's* of the World, than a few lowly Drakes by the
 ' haughty Swans of the Meadows, that take little notice of
 ' any other feather'd Fowls but those of their own Tribe,
 ' dressed in the same shining Array. The Case is far
 ' otherwise with thee, O thou eternal Fountain of Light.
 ' Thou hadst much rather look down with an Eye of
 ' Mercy on a few mortified Christians cloathed in plain
 ' Apparel, than on a Company of imperious Sinners adorned
 ' with Purple and fine Linnen.

' On this Account we are embolden'd reverently to fall
 ' down at the Footstool of thy Throne, preferring thy di-
 ' vine Favour before the Smiles of the Great. Here we
 ' are, where no Eyes see, nor Ears hear, but thou the
 ' Great Being; we beseech thee to answer the Supplicati-
 ' ons we now put up: let them ever be receiv'd as a suffi-
 ' cient Sacrifice.

' Cast us not away from thy Presence, nor ever take
 ' thy Holy Spirit from us. Revive our Souls with the
 ' Pledges of thy Love; raise our Thoughts beyond carnal
 ' Desires; let not Sin interrupt our spiritual Flight towards
 ' *Sion*, but increase our Contemplations on thy Excellen-
 ' cies. It is but a short Space, and all Winter Storms will
 ' be laid, the long and tedious Nights will then end, and we
 ' shall awake to the Dawn of a glorious Resurrection. A
 ' Day, that never will be obscur'd by Clouds of Darkness;
 ' a Morn, in which we shall shine brighter than the Rays
 ' of a material Sun at its meridian Height. Send down,
 ' we most humbly beseech thee, a chosen Guard of thy
 ' heavenly Host to watch round about this our obscure Ha-
 ' bitation, till the Light of another Day appears beyond the
 ' further Hills, or the Cocks begin to send forth their early
 ' Strains to raise our sleepy Souls, and rouze up our drowsy
 ' Bodies, in order to pour out our early Petitions to Hea-
 ' ven, and then go out of this Cottage to our daily La-
 ' bour.'

When *Joshua* had ended this Prayer, he and his Family
 retir'd to rest; and early in the Morning they arose, and
 after some short Ejaculations went into the Field to labour.
 Thus *Joshua* spent his Sabbath, and the ensuing Week, in
 performing the Duties of Christianity and Industry. Such
 busy Labourers live in Silence, are seclud'd from the Con-
 versation of wealthy and obstinate Sinners. *Joshua*, at the
 End of his Pilgrimage, wound up his Time in taking leave
 of the World: He told his Wife and Children he was going
 to fall a Victim to the Summons of Death.

The Almighty requires no more of me than what I received. I have served him to the utmost of my Ability. I need not repeat how averse I have been from living in *Sodom*, where the Spots of Guilt might have overspread my Soul as a malignant Leprosy, and plunged it in the unfathomed Gulph of Despair. I bless his Name, that I was never inrolled in the Register of the Wise, nor number'd amongst the Learned. How much more easy is it for me, now in my last Moments, to resign my Breath in a small Cottage on a Flock-bed, with a Mind free from Blame, attended with a virtuous Spouse and inoffensive Offspring, than to give up the Ghost on a Down-pillow with a polluted Soul, surrounded by an imperious Concubine, and her spurious Brood, that never learnt the Science of living holy. Happy Day when I came to this Habitation, encompassed with a few Acres of Land. Here I have been free from the outrageous Transports of unruly Passions, and the Baits of Vice.

In this Retreat no Wantons have tempted our Hearts to Lewdness, nor reeling Sots to drown us in Bowls of intoxicating Liquors; no crafty Knaves to shew us the Arts of Deceit, nor perjur'd Rakes to drill us into pernicious Snares; no stately Palaces in our Neighbourhood, to bring a Disgrace on my little House; neither have gilded Chariots run by our Door, to demand Acclamations to a vain Lump of Mortality; no Stage-Players to divert our Thoughts to Sin, nor silly Toys to withdraw our Souls from divine Contemplations; no Drums to beat for Volunteers, nor roaring Cannons to disturb our Peace; no Siege laid against our Fort, nor Batteries raised to beat it down; no Robbers to rifle our little Wardrobe, nor Incendiaries to burn my wily Chair of State; neither have there been any dissolute Libertines to tempt the Wife of my Bosom to Lewdness, nor to decoy the Daughter of my Youth.

Thus have we passed through the several Stages of Life with an inward Satisfaction of Mind, and have fairly escaped the dangerous Snares of Folly; and now, by the unalterable Decree of God, I am going to leave the World, and part with you, my Wife and Children. The Gain is great to me, to exchange a few Roods of Land for an everlasting Inheritance; a Cottage of Earth, for a magnificent Palace; a hard Bed, for a soft Couch of Roses; a Nursery of Weeds, for the Garden of Life; a Vale of Misery, for a Region of Glory.

Now I address myself to you, my dear Spouse and little Flock: Let no Tears distil from your Eyes, nor Sorrow from your Hearts: Lament not the Loss of me, neither take any unnecessary Thought for to-morrow, *what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be cloath-ed.* View the Lillies that are growing in my little Close, and observe the providential Care that is apparently over those gaudy Flowers which spread themselves in the Valleys; then *how much rather will the Almighty cloath you, O ye of little Faith.*

Have Patience but a while, and you will meet with the same God of Mercies, when my Head is laid in the Dust, as if I still continued with you. He that hath hitherto provided Bread, will never let you want it when I am gone. Call to mind the noble Example of the Heroe, who took little Care for the future, but distributed his large Portion to the Use of the Poor, till nothing was left but two small Pieces of Silver, for the present Maintenance of himself and Family: insomuch that this excellent Person, sitting alone on a certain Day near a Grove, took upon him to plead with the Almighty after the following manner:

‘ O Thou Eternal King of Heaven and Earth, I intrusted thee with all my Possessions, because thou hast promised that *the Righteous shall never be forsaken, nor his Seed beg their Bread.* It is expressed in thy sacred Word, *He that hath pity upon the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again: and, Blessed be the Man that provideth for the Sick and Needy, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of Trouble.* Now I beseech thee, O Jesus, to make good these Promises to me in this my greatest Necessity, especially since my Faith is so strong as to believe them without the least Mistrust.’

The disconsolate Gentleman having sat a while under Covert of the shady Bower, returned to his House; and after a little communing between God and his own Soul, he heard a Noise in an adjacent Field, and looking out of his Window, discover'd two Men scuffling together; whereupon he went out to know the Reason of such a Contest, and used Arguments to persuade them to be reconcil'd, and not to fall out by the way: But his Christian Advice was rejected, till the two Combatants fought so long, as to be forced to demand time of each other to recover Breath; and then they acquainted him with the Occasion of their

Quarrel: That they had found a sort of precious Stone, and could not agree who should carry it off, as being Strangers one to the other; but if he would purchase it, they might easily divide the Spoil. The good Man reply'd, 'Twas much to be fear'd it would be of no Value to him; and that he had but two Pieces of Silver remaining in the World, out of all his Revenues, to buy Bread for his Family: nevertheless, rather than there should be any further Contention between them, he would give them his whole Stock; which they readily accepted of, and parted good Friends. Then the Gentleman shewed the Stone to a Lapidary, who told him it was a valuable Jewel; insomuch that it brought him great Riches, and by that means receiv'd ten-fold for what he had ever bestow'd in charitable Uses.

Now let me intreat you, my Wife and Children, to arm yourselves with the same Faith; and then the Almighty will provide for you by some Means or other, though not after so wonderful a manner, and in so great Plenty, yet so far as may be sufficient to supply your craving Wants; and at last you shall not fail in your Hope of receiving the valuable Pearl of inestimable Price, reserved for your Use in the everlasting Kingdom. Now I recommend you to the Care and Protection of Jesus, not doubting in the least but he will be a provident Husband, to wipe away all brinish Tears from the Eyes of a disconsolate Widow, and an indulgent Guardian to the fatherless Children. I have neither Wealth nor Honours to leave; but this I bequeath to you, That you be faithful to Death, always abounding in good Works, loving one another, depending entirely on the Divine Will in all Changes and Chances of this mortal State.

Let me conjure you, as you tender your own Peace, the Request of a dying Husband, and the Blessing of a Father, never leave this Retirement to go to *Sodom*; but keep a close Correspondence with the most High in this your fix'd Habitation, labouring with your Hands as long as bodily Strength continues; and when that fails, then throw yourselves into the Arms of Providence, and you will meet with a timely Supply when it is least expected. Have no Regard to the Splendor of this World, nor envy the Prosperity of Sinners. Implant in your Minds a Belief, that we shall in due time meet again in the Regions above, there to sing the Praises of a high God, and hear the Hallelujahs of Angels to eternal Ages. Now I bid farewell to this vain, short, and frivolous Life: I bid farewell to Wife and Children: I bid all a final adieu. **The**

The following Piece is a Copy of a Writing found in *Joshua's* little Box after his Decease. The Lines are worthy of Notice, because their Original are deriv'd from a poor Farmer, destitute of acquir'd Parts, but endow'd with a natural Genius. The Contents of the Manuscript run in a fine Thread of Thought, and exalted Ideas. ' If, says ' he, these Beings that I behold with my Eye are formed ' out of a rude Chaos, from what Original did it derive its ' Existence? Was it by the Finger of an eternal Spirit, or ' the gathering together of rude Matter out of an Abyss of ' nothing? Are there any Limits or Spaces between Finite ' and Infinite? Can Man's Thought reach the sacred Council of the undivided Trinity? Can his Wisdom find out ' what that infinite Being is now doing, and will bring to ' pass in future Ages? Doth not every Generation bring ' forth uncommon and strange Births? Is not Nature always a teeming with new Changes and Alterations, that ' no Power can create, or even fathom, but God? What ' is higher than the original Creator, and what is wilder ' than the Ideas of Man? What is so perfect as that Spirit, ' which ever did, and ever will, rule in the vast and ' boundless Circles? When I look at yonder Firmament in ' a glorious and bright Day, or in a clear Night, and see ' the Orbs, I am struck with a profound Awe. Those ' Sights sink me into Admiration, and confirm my Faith. ' Amazing Thoughts! to consider that this created Earth ' should undergo, as it were, an Eclipse every twenty-four ' Hours, and then assume again all its Lustre and Beauty. ' I see every Evening the Face of the Earth veiled with ' Darkness. There I behold an invisible Mind, that inspires my Thoughts with the strongest Ideas, that there ' is an Almighty Existence in the least trifling Object that ' appears to our View, either in the Earth, in the Sea, or ' in the Air.

' To enrich my Soul, I have frequently carry'd my ' Conceptions further than all this. I have nicely enquir'd ' into the Wisdom of Nature, and arose early in the ' Morning before any glimmering Light appear'd on the ' Mountains, except it was here and there a bright wandering Star. In this high Flight I have ascended to the Top ' of a Hill, and there observ'd the Darkness gently dispersing itself from the Western Pole, and giving way to the ' Dawn of the Eastern Light, that diffuses its Beams by ' degrees, till it had dispers'd all the Mists and Clouds of the ' sable Night into a clear and glorious Morning. Thus,

' by viewing this visible World, and observing how Na-
 ' ture undresses herself in the Habit of Silence, and repre-
 ' sents the Image of Death; this tells me, that the whole
 ' Creation must die as well as Man, and be reduced to its
 ' primitive Nothing. I frequently furnish'd my Mind with
 ' Points still more sublime; for when I awake, and behold
 ' a bright and clear Morn, I am assur'd that Men, the
 ' Image of the Deity, will be called out of their separate
 ' Tombs and Sepulchres, and rise to a bright, or a gloomy
 ' Resurrection.'

Thus *Josua* hath left to succeeding Ages, his Thoughts
 of the World's funeral Obsequies, and the Immortality of
 the Soul; the Virtuous to a State of Joy, and the Reverse
 to Agonies and Despair.

The PARABLE

Of ZACHARIAH *the Shepherd.*

AFTER I had attended *Jeshua's* Funeral, and wrote his Elegy, I made a Visit to *Zachariah*, as he was tending his Flock upon the Common. At first Sight I saw something in his Aspect, that bespoke him both Wise and Divine. I sat down, and asked him several Questions as to his way of living, and how he spent the many vacant Days by himself. Alas, Sir, says he, though I live in a Cottage, am mean in Apparel, fare and lodge hard; yet my God hath instructed me how to employ my leisure Hours and vacant Minutes. I converse with Bodies of a high Order; they enrich my Soul. There I view the visible Beings to Perfection; the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, those Luminaries stand one above another, and appear to me in beautiful Colours: Scenes that entertain my Mind on the Divine Energy. What, says he, can be more refin'd, than to survey those Lights that discover so many Beings ranged in a curious and regular Order? The Planets walk in their Brightness, and take their Progress appointed them: they never exceed their Bounds, but keep a fix'd, stated, and perpetual Motion.

I told the Shepherd, he argu'd as one inspir'd. The Points he mention'd to me, had perfectly clear'd up what had occasion'd many Disputes and Controversies amongst the learned Astronomers; and yet even after many Generations that are past, they are still as much in the Shades of Ignorance as ever. The Wisest, in my Opinion, never discoursed more excellently upon these Subjects than he had done. The Images that you have drawn, says I, I consider as nice Ideas, scarce to be found in any History either in former or latter Times.

I told him, when I reflected on what he related of the heavenly Bodies, I question'd whether the greatest Capacity is capable of coming so near his Speculations on the Works of God. No sooner had I thus deliver'd my Thoughts, but he went on with the Thread of his Discourse. Says he, the Frame of the Creation is of such vast Extent, and there are in it to appearance so many Worlds, that the Globe, in which we live, I take to be but as it were a
small

small Point, in Comparison to all those vast Territories. Only consider what a Multitude of them we can observe with the naked Eye, besides others by the Help of a Telescope; and yet what vast Numbers are there out of Sight, that rise one above another, not to be viewed by any Instrument yet invented.

I told the Shepherd my Thoughts were, that every one of those Worlds had its Bounds set; and that there was not the least Object in the Firmament, but what was directed by an unerring Hand: which proves to me, that not one of those high Orders were made for no Use, or stand as Cyphers. Such a Thought, in my Opinion, would eclipse the Wisdom of an Infinite Being, and charge him with creating Works for no End or Purpose whatsoever.

Says the Shepherd, I often lose myself in the Variety of Beings that I behold even in this our little Globe; but how much more, when I look up and survey what I see and can conceive in yonder starry Regions. In this imperfect State we can never attain to the full Knowledge of things; for if we give a right Judgment in some Points, we are wrong in others. But these Mists will be dispers'd, and we shall come to a clearer and more extensive Comprehension, when our corruptible Bodies are undress'd, and spiritually purify'd in the Morning of the Resurrection. The Sphere in which we shall then move and act, will be of a much wider Circumference, and we shall know as the Angels that surround the celestial Throne. Thus far we already know, that all these things discover the Attributes and Power of God in this visible Creation, and in those Regions where God now dwells in Light inaccessible.

I told the Shepherd, I thought the Creation, of which our Earth is a Part, is confin'd to certain Limits; but the Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, are not limited: for we can reach by Thoughts far beyond all created Beings, and even take a distant Look into the invisible Orbs, whose Extent can never be measur'd, even by the Angels themselves. Duration is a Space of Time, that look we ever so far back, we never can reach the Beginning of it, nor find a Period with all our Speculations. The Essence of Divine Existence is of too wide a Nature to be measur'd by any created or uncreated Beings: Only the sacred and holy Trinity in Unity is a Being, whose Center is every where, and its Circumference without Limits.

I told him, that should all the immortal Spirits above traverse for Millions and Millions of Ages, yet even they
could

could never reach to the Immensity of divine Power: And as for mortal Man, whose first Original is Dust, he must never aspire to span the Length of Eternity.

Says the Shepherd, Since we are upon the Subject of created and uncreated Beings, at Times when my Flocks are folded in the Pens, I go out into the Road, and converse with Travellers that have leisure Hours to spare. The other Day one came to my Cottage; he entertained me with Variety of odd Subjects. Whether he had been in Company with Men, who converse with invisible Beings, or in an unbodied State, I know not. He was at that time on very abstruse Points, and seem'd eager to carry my Thoughts into the Center of the Chaos, before rude Matter was regulated. Which at first a little surpriz'd me; but when he began to dispute so excellently upon the Original of the Creation, that he gave me very fine Thoughts of the Nature and Cause of perpetual Motion, I was much taken with his wonderful Genius. We enter'd into Debate of Discoveries too fine for Persons, whose Senses are only struck with Descriptions of what is common. He named two of the best Judges we have in our publick Schools of Sciences, who can search into human Secrets with such Nicety, that there is a certain Sublimity of Soul which shines through all their Works, and bespeaks them not only good Philosophers, but even inspir'd with all the curious Dictates of Divine Principles, such as none but wise and thinking Men are capable of comprehending.

The Shepherd told me, this Conference with the Stranger made so deep an Impression on his Mind, that he shut himself into his thatched Cottage the remaining Part of the Day, with an Intent to take no other Refreshment than the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, to minute down some particular Points; but an unusual Drowsiness seized him. I was forc'd, says the Shepherd, to lean back in my withy Chair, and allow myself a short Repose: which was very much broken; for between sleeping and waking, I fancy'd the Earth presented herself to my View, dressed in all the gay Colours which she wears in the Spring; and made a Motion, as if she was desirous to deliver something of Moment to me. This strange Vision, or Trance, soon awak'd me, and put me upon writing down in Characters, some particular Notes by way of *Memorandum*; which I did with incredible Swiftnes and Exactnes. I had no sooner finished that Work, which did not take up ten Minutes, but I was again thrown into a sort of an Amusement or Slumber.

Slumber. I thought the same Apparition came a second time, and seem'd to frown upon me, because I took so little Notice of her, when she had oblig'd me with a sort of an unusual Visit, which she had never yet made to any of her greatest Favourites. Upon excusing my Rudeness for running away so quickly, she turn'd herself towards me, and in a very eloquent Stile gave me an Account of her first Original and Birth; of her being brought forth, about five thousand seven hundred Years ago, in a most wonderful manner. She told me how she was fram'd in the Womb of the rude and black Chaos, amidst a Heap of Confusion; and how she came to break through the Bars of that dark Dungeon in which her scatter'd Particles were confin'd, and by what Means she shot forth into a fresh Region; how her Parts were brought to their perfect Shape; how she proceeded every Minute in her sensible Growth; how her Substance was receiv'd and distributed to every Quarter in her obscure Prison; how Fire, Earth, Air and Water were order'd to their several Stations with an agreeable Symmetry; and how they placed themselves in their distant Chambers, according to their respective Levity and Gravity; how strict an Alliance was made between them; and how at last she came to assume all her Light and Beauty.

I was not, said she, formed out of Atoms, or jumbled together with Confusion. The Air, the Water, and the Earth were not spread all over the Chaos; one Part did not oppose another: the Cold and Heat, Moisture and Driness, Lightness and Ponderosity, did not struggle one with another, in one and the same Body, all over the vast Extent of rude Matter. An invisible Power made us all; and as soon as we were form'd, we did, like the eldest and youngest Brothers and Sisters, take the particular Places assign'd us, without the least Controversy or Jarring. She told me, that without the mutual Correspondence of a different Sex, she conceiv'd within her Bowels all living Creatures, and had ever since been very fruitful in bringing forth new Generations every Year. She said she had remain'd to this Day, under the Protection of her great Architect, without any sensible Decay in her Strength and Nature, though she had undergone many Revolutions, and been often made to tremble with the Shocks of an unforeseen Enemy, who steals unawares into the hollow Caverns of her marvellous Edifice. After she had ended her Speech, she vanish'd out of Sight; which brought me out of my Vision, or Dream. By this time the Sun was set, the usual Hour of my retiring

ring to rest. However, I looked over my Chapters that were left unfinish'd: But all that sort of Business was entirely laid aside. I was full of Plots and Schemes of a new Model; and led from one Scene of Variety to another, till I came to pry into a certain Abyss of Secrets, where there is one Miracle plac'd by another, and the least that reaches our Ideas is very considerable. Whilst I was taking a Survey of those Rarities, though they appear'd so very surprizing and intricate, yet I could not but look upon my self to be in the highest Circles of Reason, where the Laws of infinite Wisdom are conspicuous. When my Mind came off from those high Notions, I reflected, that it is no wonder there are so few Discourses extant, which treat of Myriads of Beings that hang within the Curtains of the Universe, when Men of the nicest Speculations confine themselves as Prisoners either to their Books, or the Town. Grave Antiquaries are seldom seen, in our Days, taking Draughts from the first original Copies; altho' every Piece is a little Library, fill'd with Variety of Treatises, and a small Repository crouded with admirable Rarities. Artificial Models only give an imperfect Resemblance of things in clouded Colours; but Collections pencil'd out by the Deity, describe the natural Beauty and Deformity of what they represent. In that great Volume of Nature we see several Cuts and Inscriptions in every Page very finely done, which afford Variety of Matter. I have looked into this large *Folio* after the Summer-Quarter has drawn a thin Veil over the Spring, and shut up in Obscurity Millions of pleasing Images; yet there remained ten thousand Pieces, each of which gave me a very pleasing Prospect. At other times, when I have been attending my Flock upon the Common, when the Winter had let drop her thick Sheet, and veil'd from the Eye the Harvest and the fruitful Season, I have been charm'd in looking even into that Apartment, shaded with Clouds and Mists; and tho' I thought not to spend three Moments, I have studied there the best Part of a Night before I could stir from thence. Books I think dead Letters to those fair Manuscripts; for every Root that lies buried in the Earth is a large Copy, that offers to the Thoughts curious Notions. "A Stone, or a Pebble, is not without a distinguishing Mark from its nearest Neighbour. Each of them is compos'd of a finer or coarser Matter, of a more beautiful or deformed Shape, or something else that is particular; which either allows a Preface to be made, or gives an Epistle of its own Curiosity. Every trifling thing

is painted out in the strongest and liveliest Colours. There is no need of a Pencil to register any of the Works of Providence: They are very perfectly done to our Hands. The Descriptions we see upon an Apple, or a Nut, afford us Subject of Discourse as long as a Lawyer is in delivering a Plea. A Sloe, or a Haw, gives us a short History of its Growth, and the inevitable Danger it runs of being defaced and eaten up by the devouring Birds or Worms. What is imprinted on a Nettle, or a Daizy, is admirable; their Leaves are interwoven with fine Strings of different Size; and that Part which faces the Sky, is more smooth than the lower Side, which looks down towards the Earth. I had no sooner strengthen'd my Sight, so as to make it pierce into the most remote Spaces, to take another View of those Scenes that display distant Beings, but all my sublime Speculations were dash'd at once; Travellers came by, and enter'd into Discourse with me. I told them the Prejudice they did me was irreparable, by coming at an Hour when I had just received such new Ideas of things, as would have been Proof against Sword, Fire, Thunder, and the Injuries of Time; for I was forming in my Mind one of the fairest Schemes in the Universe, which would have represented many great and small Bodies moving in their natural Spheres. Nothing, said I, was clearly or more intelligibly contriv'd: It would have been a Map for describing what is pencill'd out in the minutest Particles, as well as in the largest Figures; but now I fear they will find it come forth an incoherent Piece, more frightful than the Chaos that the Earth told me she was tumbled out of. For it is impossible to copy it out in its first original Lustre, after such an Interruption; as it would be surprizing and wonderful to see a Child, by running a Pencil upon a Piece of Paper according to his little Humour, draw a Picture of *Cæsar*, as good and as like as the best that ever *Michael Angelo* could do. The Travellers said, they were sorry that they had hinder'd me from immortalizing a Shepherd's Name, by utterly ruining the Beauty of his Models; yet they wanted to know when they receiv'd their Birth, so as they might see the rough Draughts that now lie hid in the Embryo, which I pleaded they had defac'd. After my Guests were gone, I laid myself down on my Flock-bed, much vexed at my Disappointment; but with a strong Impression upon my Spirits, as to what I had been taking a Survey of. The bare Remembrance of the short Lessons I found wrote upon the Blades of Grass, plung'd me again
into

into an Immensity of deep Thoughts, about what was further to be observ'd in the most ordinary Manuscripts of Nature: for the fine Draughts I had form'd in my Ideas were now entirely broke to pieces. These Reflections threw me insensibly into a most unaccountable Revery, that cannot properly be called a Repose, or a Sensation. However it was, I fancy'd I was entertain'd with the following Discourse, without seeing any Person standing by me. When I got up in the Morning, it dwelt so strong upon me, that I wrote down the Substance of it as perfectly, as my Memory was capable of retaining; and (if I am not mistaken) these are the particular Sentences. If (said he) you can be so transported, in gazing on every mean and trifling Object that appears plainly discover'd to you; how great would your Surprize be, if you were to know the curious Contextures of every Secret that lies hid in the deep Ocean, and is not in the Power of the Eye to model? And besides, was you to behold those Ranges of Mysteries which run through the Veins of the Earth, that all human Skill is by infinite Degrees too weak to find out. Not but what the things you have been admiring, afford Employment sufficient to take up a whole Age. For the Fruits and Flowers which grow up every Year, are marvelous Pieces of Antiquity; the least of them throws back a Door, and shews a Stage fill'd with fine Scenes. We who are the Inhabitants of the invisible State have many things in your World perfectly set before us, which represent Magazines of Rarities. Others are kept from us as Secrets; and we can only perceive that they have a thousand unknown Curiosities about them, which will lie conceal'd in their confin'd Apartments till the great Fall of Nature; when the Images drawn out in the Landskip of the Creation, which I shall at this time speak nothing of, will no longer appear in Masks, tho' they now seem to be extraordinary Pieces. I was surpriz'd at this Speech, and started up to look if any body was talking to me at the Door of my Cottage; but I could see nothing, though the Sky was clear, and crouded with small Lights: so that I found I was carry'd into those Thoughts only by the Brightness of the Night, and the strong Intensiveness that lay impressed upon my Imagination.

The PARABLE

Of MARY.

THE Day I visited *Mary* was appointed as a solemn Fast, to divert the Judgments of the Deity from bringing a Blast on the Fruits of the Earth by locking up the Water in the Clouds, and parching the Fields and the Gardens with an unusual Drought. I found her seeking to God in Prayer, 'That he would be pleas'd of his infinite Mercy to send down Showers of refreshing Rain in this needful Season. O Jesus, said she, the very Heavens now discover thy Wrath for our many and repeated Transgressions.'

I attended this Saint to the House of Mourning, where an excellent Sermon was preach'd suitable to the Occasion. Her Devotion was such, that she eat nothing till the Close of the Evening; and then only a few boil'd Eggs. Her Conversation so delighted me, that I visited her often. She refin'd my Thoughts, and strengthen'd my Faith. The cross Blows of Fortune had not in the least chang'd or ruff'd her Temper, nor discompos'd her serene Mind. Tho' young and beautiful, she was the same as in the Days of Prosperity, Wise, Humble, Modest and Chaste: these Qualifications were ingrafted in her. Her Virtues called to my Mind the Mother of Jesus, worthy to be wrote in Letters of Gold, and plac'd in the Closets of the Youth of both Sexes to look upon, and imitate every Day; when they arise, when they dress, and when they retire to Sleep. Good Examples convey the Thoughts even into an endless Duration. *Mary* consider'd that Period which is to come, and argu'd upon it like a Mistress of Learning and Languages. When I awake, said she, at Midnight, I contemplate on that Eternity in which I am to live when momentary Time shall be expended. I view myself as having little more to do in this mortal State, but to prepare for my Change. I receiv'd a Beginning, but shall never find an End. In which State it will be, I know not: There is one fixed for the Reward of Virtue, and another allotted for Unbelievers and Deists.

I told *Mary* these were high Ideas; they pointed at those Spheres to which we are all travelling, and drawing nearer
and

and nearer every Hour and Moment of Life: Our Motion thither never sleeps nor slumbers.

These Thoughts, says *Mary*, make me forget what is behind, and look to that which is before. Must not I be wife? Am not I to live Millions and Millions of Ages, Spaces that can never be measur'd, a Race of Time that can never run to an End?

I told her she reason'd well; but what eclipsed our Virtues, and interrupted our Progress and Desires after Immortality, are often owing to the Want of true Faith. The Thoughts of Death strike Hope and Horror into the Soul: We shrink and draw back, when we come to the Brink; and yet the Pains and Miseries we meet with here, are apt to make us wish for our Dissolution. True Virtue longs for an Hereafter, and wants to enter upon that Duration.

We behold a Power above that is pleasing, if we could but ascend thither; yet when we consider a boundless Ocean shadow'd with Clouds and Darkness to our Sight, we then draw back and tremble. O boundless Thought! In one State we must be Inhabitants. We are sent into this naked World with an Intent of refining our Morals, to perfect us to inhabit those Spaces, that will ever present to us new Springs of Light, Harmony and Glory.

Says *Mary*, I am tir'd in this weary Wilderness of fleeting Time: I want to be gone. I will venture to trust my Soul with Jesus. If it be lost, it shall be within his everlasting Arms. Haste this blessed Time. I wait to pass the Gulph, and care not to abide any longer here. Though I am young, yet I find Nature herself begins to decay. She hath pass'd through many Generations, and must be dissolved; but my immortal Soul will exist, when the World, this Globe of Earth, is crushed into its primitive and original Nothing.

From this Subject *Mary* went upon another. Says she, I reflect that there is a great Similitude in the Motion of the Thoughts; and I think the Occasion of Grief, as well as Joy, suddenly arises even unknown: for the Mind has not always an Opportunity to recollect its Force; so that the Eyes water with Tears, before we can really express our Conceptions of the Objects represented to our View.

I told her, that her Sex was of a more tender and compassionate Nature than Man. They take in the Miseries and Misfortunes of others with a deeper Sense of Pity. It is Pain to a virtuous Woman to see Distress and Anguish lie in their View, and not capable of giving Relief. To
 behold

behold a melancholy Air, mean Apparel, and a worn Aspect, attracts Sorrow from a tender Heart. Some Men, as well as Women, are naturally inclin'd to this Virtue, and act suitable to the Dignity of it. It is recorded, that there liv'd in the last Century a learned Author of refin'd and excellent Parts. He never publish'd any Treatises, but he discoursed in some one Chapter either upon Grief or Joy, or upon Humanity. I am of the Opinion, that it is as valuable a Virtue as can lodge in the Breast of a Christian, or in a wise Man. For what great Mind can see his own Image in Sufferings, and not come into its Relief according to his Ability? Who can behold an Object naked and starving, and not be touched with his Misfortunes? I wish this Compassion and Mercy were implanted in every Mind: Such a Sympathy beautifies the Affections.

Pity is an irresistible Stroke of Eloquence; and wherever its Language is heard, the very Sound makes an Impression upon a tender Heart.

It is to me an agreeable Scene, to see a Woman in Tears of Compassion. Once I saw a Female weep as if she had lost a Husband or a Child, only by observing Cruelty acted upon an Animal reduc'd to Extremity of Torture. That Sight struck me with a deep Sense of her Humanity: therefore I record her in this my Work, as an Example to be imitated even by Men of Resolution and Bravery. I have read of Heroes endow'd with this Virtue of Sorrow upon gaining or losing of a Battel. If a Victory has been gain'd, the very View of the Desolation their Arms have made upon the innocent Subjects of a Tyrant hath drawn Tears from their Eyes. It is something higher than what is common, when the Imagination is touched with an extensive Benevolence, that breaks our Passions into Tears. At that Instant the Mind is possess'd with soft and easy Pleasures, a Joy more divine than moral.

After this Conference with *Mary*, I retir'd to my Study; and took Pen, Ink, and Paper, to write how degenerate, and below the Dignity of an Author it is, to range Men in an high Order on Account only of their Riches or Honours, when at the same time they act below the meanest of their Species, and have neither Sorrow, Joy, nor Pity in them on any Account but their own contracted Interests. They never fetch a Sigh, or shed a Tear, tho' they see the Height of Barbarity and Injustice acted upon Men, or innocent Animals.

Superiority should be to those who live to the wisest Ends, and who assume no higher than their Virtues and Parts entitle them to. Human Life is not to be consider'd, as to the Stations we are placed in, but in the Spheres wherein we act. We are not to enquire who is the World's Favourite, but who behaves himself in Actions that distinguish him from the common Level of Mortals.

The Scene that *Mary* acts in, raises her to a higher Station than an Empress divested of Wisdom. The Order and Discipline of a Person is to be valu'd, not for his Rank and Station, not his Eminence or Superiority, but for his Virtues. A crown'd Head without good Acts stands but as a Figure. It is not Distinction and Fortune that raises our Merits, or seats us above others. If we would be noble, we must pass through the Scenes of *Job*, *Solomon*, and *David*. In them were Humility, Wisdom and Grandeur seen to move in their high Orders: Their Ideas moved in the unerring Way, and kept steady in that Course to the End of Life. Those that are ambitious of Glory should support their Pretensions by doing something that is singular, and out of the common Level. Virtue has an Aversion to any thing that is mean and trifling, and not worthy the Notice of great Minds. To be conversant with the Licentious is a Blemish to our Characters, and takes away the Beauty that would otherwise appear conspicuous in us.

Nothing graces a Man more, than to turn his Eye on the Divine Essence. Beyond that we cannot form a Wish. Our Notions of the Deity at best are dim, and too often sullied with vain Thoughts. Men of weak Capacities are apt to dispute future Existence, and prefer present Enjoyments before those that are unseen. But when these Atheists, as I call them, stand upon the Borders of Eternity, they tremble in their last Moments: then all their impious Schemes are overturn'd, and they are lost in the utmost Confusion. I fear there are too many in this Age that wear Masks, and act their Parts in Disguise. Happy if they had never been created, or could they at Death be excluded from rising to a Resurrection. I will here give an Example of a Favourite of all-wise and good Men that convers'd with him. His Parts were singular, his Carriage and Demeanor exemplary, his Faith in Jesus appear'd to be strong and nervous; he constantly attended the Church, and made Responses to every Article of the Creed: yet this Gentleman, when he came to die, declar'd he never believ'd in the Blood of Christ till that very Day. He always question'd with him-

self,

self, whether there was a God that rul'd in the Creation; but now, says he, in my last Moments, I am no Infidel in the Sacred Trinity. Thus it is when we can live no longer, and are in View of endless Miseries, we then look back with Horror at our past Principles, and take a Prospect of that infernal State of Misery we are entering upon.

Wise and thinking Men have other Thoughts in their Youth and Prosperity: They furnish their Minds with the Certainty of Futurity, and disperse those Clouds and Mists that others cannot see till Death opens their Eyes. What can I say of the latter but this, that in their Life-time they were only in a sort of Dream or Sleep, a mere Trance and Delusion?

Vain, learned Men, and pretended Virtuoso's, may censure my Conduct, and charge me with Weakness of Thought, in presenting *Jeshua*, *Zachariah*, and *Mary*, indigent Persons, meanly descended, and destitute of acquired Parts, asking and answering such Questions as if they were polite and ingenious Authors.

I reply, I have conversed with both Sexes, possess'd only of natural Parts, their Birth mean, and Circumstances little above Want, yet their Ideas of Things have been very instructive to me; they have taught me how to act and perform my Duty to my God and to my Neighbour.

After I have learnt their Divine Lessons, I have gone to the Wits Coffee-houses, and other Places, the Resort of self-conceited Wits, in expectation to be further improved; there I sat silent, as my general Way is in strange Company, and listned to their Discourse in Variety of Points and Matters: And what was the Result? Their Conferences made me wiser than ever; I then came to the Knowledge of their vain Air and haughty Looks, their frequent Turns to view themselves in the Glasses, and the many Visits they made to their Snuff-boxes; the Formality used in almost every Word they spoke, and even in all their Motions and Behaviour gave me no Delight but Pain.

This I affirm for Truth; I have known some of these extolled Wits, that their principal Genius has consisted in little more than a round Set of Words and Discourses, for when you have heard them twice or thrice you come to the Knowledge of all the Stock of Wisdom they are in Possession of; such Virtuoso's I compare to Parrots that are pleased to see themselves admired and listned to, tho' they never repeat above one or two odd impertinent Stories learnt them by Heart.

It is not thus in the Schools of Divine Wisdom, in which *Joshua*, *Zachariah* and *Mary* receiv'd their Education and Discipline. The Original of their College was founded by the Deity in the Embryo of the World. Who can be better vers'd in the Science of Knowledge than an Heir of Heaven? What Mind can outreach the Christian Heroe, whose Thoughts are center'd in holy Oracles? What Man can be stiled wise, that acts the Reverse? Imperious Persons in Pursuit of Pleasure and Vanity, are but like a Kite in the Air, that wanders for a while near the Clouds, and is gazed at by Children and idle Spectators, and on a sudden drops down to the Earth, and leaves no Traces behind it to be remember'd.

The Mind that is adorn'd with excellent Graces is daily in Converse with his God: His Virtue and Example, tho' not recorded in profane History, yet they are all register'd in the Volumes of Duration, and will spring up and bloom in the Regions where infinite Wisdom reigns, and where Praises are continually the Anthems and Songs, without any Sound of one jarring String in all the heavenly Voices and Instruments of Musick.

F I N I S.

A COPY of the Manuscript taken
out of *Mary's* Closet after her De-
cease.

THE Hour, says she, I awake in the Morning, I lay my natural Failings before God with Sighs and Tears, and pour out my Soul in Prayers, that no reigning Crimes inhabit within my Breast. In the Flower of Youth I never convers'd with Men of lewd Conversation. That Restraint extinguish'd vain Thoughts; otherwise I might have given up my Honour to Strangers, and sacrific'd my Innocency. The Retreat from *Sodom* conquer'd unruly Passions, and kept my Virtues undefil'd.

What Words can be more excellent than these of *Mary* for Virgins in our Age to copy after. It puts me in mind of *Scipio*, who at four and twenty Years of Age obtain'd a great Victory, and a multitude of Prisoners of both Sexes, and all Conditions, fell into his Possession; among others, an agreeable Virgin in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too sensible a Spirit, to see the most lovely of all Objects, without being moved with Passion; besides which, there was no Obligation of Honour or Virtue to restrain his Desires towards one, who was his by the Fortune of War: But a noble Indignation, and a sudden Sorrow which appear'd in her Countenance, when the Conqueror cast his Eyes upon her, rais'd his Curiosity to know her Story. He was inform'd that she was a Lady of the highest Condition, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* soon placed himself in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to lose so charming a Bride; and though a Youth, a Batchelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately resolv'd to resign all the Incitements of his Passion, and the Rights of his Power, and to restore her to her destin'd Husband. For this Purpose he commanded her Parents and Relations, as well as her Husband, to attend him at an appointed Time. Accordingly they met, and waiting for the General (my Author frames to himself the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a despairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the several Persons who were so related to the Captive; but for fear of injuring the delicate Circumstances with an

old

old Translation) I shall proceed to tell you, that *Scipio* appears to them, and leads his Prisoner into their Presence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) seem'd to allow themselves a little too much Triumph over the Conquer'd; therefore, as *Scipio* approach'd, they all threw themselves on their Knees except the Lover of the Lady. But *Scipio* observing in him a manly Sullenness was the more inclin'd to favour him, and spoke to him in these Words:

‘ It is not the manner of the *Romans* to use all the Power they justly may. We fight not to ravage Countries, or break through the Ties of Humanity. I am acquainted with your Worth, and your Interest in this Lady. Fortune has made me your Master; but I desire to be your Friend. This is your Wife; take her, and may the Gods bless you with her. But far be it from *Scipio* to purchase a loose and momentary Pleasure, at the rate of making an honest Man unhappy.’

Indibilis's Heart was too full to make him any Answer; but he threw himself at the Feet of the General, and wept aloud. The captive Lady follow'd his Example; and they both remain'd so, till the Father burst into the following Words: ‘ O divine *Scipio*! the Gods have given you more than human Virtue. O glorious Leader! O wondrous Youth! Does not that oblig'd Virgin give you, whilst she prays to the Gods for your Prosperity, and thinks you are sent down from them, Raptures above all Transports which you could have reaped from the Possession of her Person.’ The temperate *Scipio* answer'd him without much Emotion, and saying, Father, be a Friend to *Rome*, retir'd. An immense Sum was offer'd for her Ransom; but he sent it to her Husband, and smiling said, This is a Trifle, after what I have given him already: but let *Indibilis* know, that Chastity at my Age is a much more difficult Virtue to practise than Generosity.

Virgins pure in Thought retreat upon the first Temptation; at the second flee as an Arrow from the Snare; never return more to that Man, tho' they starve and die.



Chastity implanted in the Mind of either Sex, such Images of the Deity will not converse two Days in Company of any, who offer to crucify their Virtue by a lewd Word, or an immodest Embrace.

PAMELA'S Letters

Immodest Romances painted in Images of Virtue.

Masquerades in Disguise, that receiv'd Birth now Vice reigns in Triumph, and swells in Streams even to a Deluge.

BOOKS are Schools that beautify or stain the Soul. Authors may be compar'd to Painters, who draw Representations according to their Fancy, or what they think tend most to their Gain.

A Lady of strict Piety sent two Volumes to me for my Perusal. I survey'd the Work. It is entitl'd, *Pamela, or Virtue rewarded*. There are presented two different Scenes, a chaste and beautiful Maid, and a lewd Rake. The Preface, and the Epistles directed to the Editor in Commendation of those Volumes, at first Sight gave me pleasing Ideas of finding Lessons of Education for Youth. I had not gone through two Sheets, before I perceiv'd myself, as it were, convey'd within the Circles of Lewdness; nay, even in Bed-chambers frequented by Women as charming as Nuns, in Company with wild Rakes. This is a true Resemblance of modest *Pamela*, and her wanton Master. What can these Representations be called, but Romances to corrupt the Morals of the Age? *Pamela* is dress'd in Airs, that cannot but raise vain Desires even in Men as chaste as *Joseph* when tempted by his Mistress. All the Images are
so

so very natural that way, that were they to be acted in a Play, there would not want a crouded Audience of vicious Men and Women to excite their Passions to wicked Actions.

As I am a Christian, and believe that I must account for every Act of Life, I dare not repeat some Expressions often mention'd in *Pamela's* Letters. To read them, Virtue cannot but blush. What is more indecent than the Passages in the Summer-house, in Mrs. *Jarvis's* Apartment, and at Night in *Pamela's* Chamber when she was undress'd, and her Master in the Room with the Servant-Maid's Cloaths on, and her Apron over his Face; as also that immodest Passage of their being both in the naked Bed together? These Scenes are Paradoxes to me, to be printed and called *Virtue rewarded*. Good God! Can amorous Embraces delineated in these Images, tend to inculcate Religion in the Minds of Youth, when the Blood is hot, and runs quick in every Vein? Are these Lights to direct the Soul to a crucify'd Jesus? Are they Pictures to extinguish Vice, and restrain the Wickedness of the Times? Will such Representations divert Men of Pleasure from looking on beautiful Women? Can immodest Intrigues divert lewd Thoughts, and bring off with Honour vicious Minds? Can a Man, expressing licentious Speeches in Converse with a Maid not yet deflower'd, reform the Age, or inspire Ideas in the Mind worthy of Example? Will not the Sight of such Instances rather increase Emulation, than any ways allay it, either in modest Virgins, chaste Brides, or obliging Wives?

Had I a Train of Sons and Daughters, and as numerous a Company of Servants as King *Solomon*, not one of them, by my Consent, should read such Romances of unchaste Love. What tho' some of *Pamela's* Letters give Hints that may be imitated, does not the Poison contain'd in others destroy all, and give Birth to loose and wandering Imaginations? There are in those Epistles so many Salutes and Embraces, both in publick and private, as *Pamela* herself tells the Story, which are not to be vindicated by Truth or Reason.

The Editor tells you, the Original of those Epistles are founded upon Truth: If so, they are no Embelishment to be recorded or read either by Youth, or Persons of ripe Years. Can the Editor, with all his Eloquence, prevail with wise and serious Men, to suffer their Sons and Daughters

ters to learn those Lessons, as Guides to direct them in the Practice of what is commendable in Life.

My Answer to the Editor is this, I here lay it down as a Maxim to the present and after Generations, That sedate Reflections, secluded from every Temptation, directs the running Springs of unruly Youths, and brings home their wandering Thoughts to God. Pure Virgins keep their Innocency undefil'd; they never converse with lewd Rakes. At the first Assault upon their Virtue they retreat, by which means they gain a Conquest, and put the Tempter into Confusion; their Flight allays the Heat in the Breast of the guilty Pursuer, as Water quenches the Flame.

That Maid who holds a Parley with a vicious Man a second time, and suffers herself to be immodestly embrac'd, I censure her Chastity: She may be compar'd to one of the fair Apples of *Sodom*, beautiful for the Eye to behold, but Stains and Rottenness within.

True Virtue sets a Guard over all Attempts, where-ever there is any Fear of Danger. Virgins pure in Mind and Thought, when they retire to Rest at Night, and have the least Apprehension of a Design against them, never undress till every Avenue in the Room is searched, and the Doors safely secur'd. Admit that an innocent Virgin is for once betray'd by a treacherous *Judas*, she will never sleep another Night in that Habitation, but be gone, and hide herself in any hollow Cave, and there perish with Nakedness and Hunger, rather than run the risk of losing any one of her Virtues. This is Innocency in the Abstract; the Reverse is Cheat and Delusion, and deserves no other Title but *Iniquity rewarded*.

To keep Innocency, Virgins should conceal themselves, and not speak to Men of evil Conversation. I will give an Instance of one who sacrific'd her Honour in Thought, tho' not in Act. This Virgin always maintain'd in her Discourses, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion: But in a few Days she fell; for coming into a mix'd Company, she got acquainted with a Gentleman, and made Offers of an unchaste Love. A Complaint being made to her Parents, that she acted the Part of *Joseph's* Mistress, her Intrigues had no Effect. Then she thought of making use of other Means to accomplish her Desires. Upon this her Father, with a Divine, sent for her, and in a gentle Manner represented her Faults, and put her in mind of her former Speeches upon the Subject of Chastity. She fell upon her Knees, and burst out
into

into Tears. O Jesus, my Shame, my Dishonour is now discover'd: I have betray'd my Virtues: It fills my Soul with Agonies of Despair. Then a fresh Flood distill'd from her Eyes, and she express'd herself in the Language of a Person, whose Case was much the same with hers. Says she, I am convinc'd that I have two Souls: Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls; when the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forc'd to do evil. All I can say of my self at present is, that I find my good Soul encourag'd by your Presence and Advice.

I know not whether Divines will agree with these Expressions of the Virgin of having two Souls; but though it doth not square with Divinity, yet I am sure the Expressions are beautiful: there is something uncommon contain'd in the Words, and what must make an Impression upon the Mind, when we reflect a little upon this excellent Strain of Philosophy, or ever enter upon any Act either of Virtue or Vice.

The Copy of a LETTER sent by a
Divine of the Church of *England* to
the Author of the Sheets, entitl'd,
The Virgin in Eden.

S I R,

I Have taken Delight in perusing your State of Innocency sent me in Manuscript, in order to know my Opinion of it before you put the Copy to the Press. As you did not restrain me, I entrusted several of my Acquaintance with the said Manuscript to read over in their Studies, that you might have their Sentiments also upon your Labours. Your Pilgrim's Progress from *Sodom* to *Canaan*, I call divine Lessons. Wearisome Days and awakening Nights were your Repast for Weeks and Months, in compiling that Journey through a Vale of Tears to the promised Haven of Rest.

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Had a Body of learned Men met in Council, and drawn up such a Piece, the Work could not well exceed yours in lively Ideas, nor in a Language more pleasing to read, and agreeable to sacred Record. Your Arguments cannot but insensibly instil virtuous Principles in the Minds even of Deists and Atheists.

The Emblems of *Felix* the Student and the Virgin are such natural Instances, that I cannot in my Thoughts but wish to be travelling with that Train, and conversing with them in Gardens, Wildernesses, and shady Groves. The Conferences and Speeches in those solitary Retreats, on their way to *Abraham's* House, cannot but subdue unruly Passions, and gain Profelytes to the Practice of our holy and pure Religion: Rules and Precepts to guide the Sons and Daughters of crown'd Heads in their Duty to God, and their royal Parents Examples, which I shall ever retain in my View.

The Parable of the *Shepherd*, *Joshua* and *Mary* are Instructions for all that move in low Spheres, to act and steer by in their Way to the Grave. Even *Jews*, *Turks* and *Pagans* may be prevail'd upon to travel with those righteous *Lots*. If Images of Humility, Meekness and Chastity are Embellishments, those Parables present them in such Lights, as are Examples for Emperors and Queens to let their Diadems and Sceptres fall to the Earth, and live in Contempt of Pomp and Grandeur.

Pamela's Letters tend more to corrupt the Morals, than refine the Mind with virtuous Ideas. Your Emblems are Streams of Purity to swim in, distant from the raging Waves of Iniquity, that now swell in Eddies even to drown the Race of Man in Licentiousness.

The present Generation now sacrifices their Ambition to Vanity and Pleasure. And how should it be otherwise, when Volumes are publish'd, entitl'd, *Virtue rewarded*, that have little more in them than Arts to inflame the Passions to Vice?

The Virgin in *Eden* restrains Extravagancy, and sets a Guard over her Virtues. She is not seen once in lewd Conversation. She retreats from *Sodom*; and in her whole Journey to *Canaan* gives Examples divested of every Appearance of Evil: Her Practice never fails to put Wickedness under Disgrace.

Your affectionate Friend in Christ.

Child's Coffee-House,
St. Paul's Church-
yard, August 3. 1741.

The Copy of a LETTER sent to the
Author from a Dissenting Minister.

S I R,

A Clergyman favour'd me with your Manuscript. There are beautiful Thoughts of God, and Contempt of the World. The Ideas run out of the common way of thinking, and cannot but be of Use to this and After-ages. The Virgin in *Eden* is represented as a Lamp to light our Youth into the Paths of Virtue, to annihilate vicious Habits, and to bring Lewdness into Disgrace. The State of Innocency is so solemn, and the Journey to *Abraham's* House so extremely pleasant, that it may even persuade Misers to throw away their Bags of Dross, and turn Strangers to the World. Divines may learn from the Virgin's Lessons, Lectures of Mortification, to allay their Ambition after Church-Preferments, in order to sit in *Peter's* Chair of State. What Instances may not be abstracted from this Christian's Progress? They serve to take off wandering Thoughts from momentary Shadows. You may plead from these your Studies, a Blessing to attend the Work in both Worlds. Every Hour spent in composing these Scenes will meet with a Reward. Tho' you cannot bear with Approbation this publick Praise of your Works, yet I had rather you should blush, than the Lines should escape the publick View. What I say may restrain wild Offenders, and bring home their wandering Thoughts.

I am your sincere Friend.

*Hamlin's Coffee-house,
Royal Exchange,
August 6. 1741.*

A Copy of the LETTER directed to
the Author from a Speaker amongst
the People call'd *Quakers*.

Friend,

I Am the Father of ten Sons and Daughters. Thy Manuscript wherein thou settest forth *Pamela's* Letters immodest Romances, thou sayest well: they are profane Lessons, and shall not dwell in my House. My Daughters Education I leave to their Mother's Management. Last Week, amongst an Assembly of our People, she gave Instructions to the Eldest, a Maid of fifteen. She told her there was nothing corrupted the Morals so much, as reading the Intrigues of Rakes, or admitting for Suitors the pretended Wits of the Times: their Conversation served only to fill the Mind with strange Amusements, to inspire it with what is vain and trifling. She went on a great way further in this Counsel, but broke off several times in giving notable Examples of her Displeasure. She order'd a Collection of her Daughter's Epistles to be publickly read; and said, every Fop that had the least Reason, could jumble together well enough an amorous Set of Words to heighten the Passions into Flames of Impurity; but there is scarce one in a thousand, who can compose a Letter about a chaste Love answering the right Ends of Marriage. Then she stopp'd, and with the gravest Air imaginable committed the whole Bundle to the Fire; and went on, saying, she thought those wanton Copies were more fit to be burnt, than kept as Relicks in her Childrens Closets. Upon this some of the young Company fell into a little Disorder, and would have turn'd Reformers, had they not been timely suppress'd by the grave Dons and Matrons then present, who saw the Destruction of those vile Manuscripts. But she continu'd to go forward with her Work: For, as at Plays, between the Acts she added to the Pile some Fragments of Verses borrow'd from licentious Authors, and proceeded again in her Instructions before those Relicks were all reduc'd to Ashes. She crown'd the few Remains with several small Tracts taken out of her Daughter's Chamber, which she call'd the Intrigues of Night-Meetings, Masquerades, and Dancings. Her Sons, who had
stood

stood neuter all the time, seem'd to be surpriz'd at this new way of chastising Children: But I found it sent the Parents away full of pleasing Images; nay, some of the Youths then present said, they receiv'd from this an Idea and Prospect of what they had learnt in the Schools of Knowledge in which they were educated. By this I saw, that good Examples keep the Spirits from languishing, and fill the Imagination with the beautiful Scenes of Heaven, of Felicity and Pleasure. All which gives a perfect Description of every thing that is commendable.

*Directed to thee from our Meeting-
House, Devonshire-square.*

Aug. 9. 1741.

The reading this Letter brought to my Remembrance what I once saw in *Gray's-Inn Walks*: As a Gentleman was walking there, he espy'd his pretty Daughter, as he call'd her, in Company which he did not very well like. This added such Perplexity to him, that he was resolv'd, since his private Censure made no Impression upon her, he would proceed to publick Remedies: a Province which Parents, he said, claim as their Right. I return'd the Gentleman this Answer: Sir, said I, every Parent knows not this Method of correcting by way of amendment; for there must be a critical Nicety observed, both as to Wit and Judgment, to find out the Temper of a Son or a Daughter, and to distinguish between the different Nature of their Passions, between the first Motions of Impudence, and those of sincere Modesty. Every common Parent cannot judge in these Cases. What brings one Genius to Reason, may drive another to Distraction. The bare discovering of the Constitutions of those who are under our Care, is not enough neither, without a particular Application, to know how far we ought to carry our Resentments, and how often they are to be repeated. Besides, the Time of Punishment is likewise to be taken notice of, as well as the Severity to be inflicted: for a Crime may be much more augmented, when we take the Offender in the very Act, than when the Fault is of a past Date. In short, there must be Threatnings maintain'd on the one hand, and at the same time Promises on the other. And all this must be order'd with a wise Conduct, or else we destroy our own Reputation, and run the hazard of ruining the Characters of those we pretend to instruct.

A Copy of the LETTER deliver'd to the Author by a young Nobleman.

S I R,

THE Countess my Mother commanded me to read your Manuscript; which I have done. The Virgin in *Eden* are divine Instructions to me: Her Example shall be my Meditation till Death. I now distinguish between *Pamela's* Letters, and her Life. She represents Innocency in its native Dress: the Editor teaches more Lewdness than Chastity. Her Conversation renders Love inoffensive, strong and lasting her Lessons, corrects vain Amours; *Pamela's* Epistles are licentious Scenes. Your Virgin implants in the Soul what is noble and commendable. The Parables of the *Shepherd*, *Joshua*, and *Mary*, sacrifice Vice, and make Purity agreeable even in the View of the most Licentious and Vicious. They keep Virtue in Countenance, and restrains Youth from perishing under violent Temptations. Their holy Living is worthy the Imitation of the Sons and Daughters of noble Families. Should we their Issue act according to those Models, After-Generations would rise and call us blessed. The very Name of the State of Innocency may put lewd Livers to Shame, and make the Licentious in love with what is truly commendable. Images of Virtue put a Restraint upon its Enemy, and drive their wandering Thoughts to a kind of Despair. The Conferences of the Converts describe what is, and what is not, the Reward of Virtue. Such Examples must subdue unruly Passions, and prevail with both Sexes to live the primitive Life, rather than swim in Pomp and Grandeur. Who can read your Essay, and act contrary to the Virgin in *Eden*? *Pamela's* Romances cannot but defile the Thoughts even in advanced Years; and how much more in Youth? Images of Virtue and Lewdness painted in one Picture, can never sacrifice Vice, nor convert the Prodigal. I now labour to enter into the State of Innocency, and for the future will never ensnare my Mind with ungovernable Appetites. I see Self-denial repulses Thoughts of Obscenity, and sets a Guard over our Actions. The oftner I read your Work, but especially the divine Conferences of *Felix* the Student and the Virgin; of the Elements,

ments, the Earth, the Sea and the Air, that will awake and execute Wrath upon *Sodom* unless she repents; those Instances subdue my Passions, and obtain a Victory over every thing that lays siege to my Virtues: to retreat from Snares are exemplary. The Virgin in *Eden* enters not in Converse with gay Youths. Where there are no Temptations, there is the less Danger. The Presence of Vice strikes the Breast with destructive Darts, and sets the Springs of Licentiousness floating. I know by Experience, that secret Intrigues scarce ever fail to gain a Conquest over the Innocent. Undeiled Virtue never treats with Vice: she immediately takes Wing, as a timorous Lark pursued by the devouring Hawk. *Pamela*, had she been as chaste as represented, would have run to her Father's Cottage, as to an Ark of Security. Chaste Virgins never parly twice with wanton Rakes. The Editor's Works are only Scenes varnish'd with Delusion, profane Stories, idle Histories, destructive to the Minds and Morals of the Age. These are my Thoughts on your Essay on the State of Innocency, and the Editor's Volumes.

I am your Convert.

Lincoln's - Inn,
Aug. 1. 1741.

A Copy of the LETTER directed to the Author by a young Lady.

S I R,

MY Parents commanded me, and my eldest Brother, to read your Manuscript. The Ideas have made deep Impressions upon my Mind. The very Description of the Virgin's Journey from *Sodom* to *Canaan* hath weaned my Affections from the empty Pageantry I see every Day, in my Visits and Conversation. That modern Pilgrim, the Virgin's Scene of Life, shall advise me in every original Virtue. Her Instructions are Examples for our Sex to copy after. Her Sayings keep me awake till Midnight; and in the Morn my first Thoughts are travelling with her to *Canaan*, that I may hear the Hallelujahs and Hymns she is now entertained with in that Choir in *Abraham's House*. I
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am even certain, that the Branches of the Royal Family will read her State of Innocency. Each of those Princes shall be presented with Copies deliver'd from my own Hand. I shall let them know the Work is to me more than all the Strokes of Eloquence. *Pamela's* Epistles I compare to the Moon in Eclipse, and the Virgin in *Eden* to the Sun at its Meridian Height. Her Virtues are all clear Day without one Cloud or Evening Twilight. The Editor's Works are dressed in various Scenes. In one Page are Images of Lewdness; in another Representations of Virtue; and in a third he introduces Wantonness and Modesty acting together in secret, that which any of our Sex may blush to think of, much more to name. Thus the Editor goes on: Virtue gives a word of Resistance, then Vice doubles the Attack, and expects nothing less than taking the Fort by Storm. What can put Innocency more in danger, and throw Virtue into Despair? Sir, pray publish your Manuscript without any Amendment; in particular, that of the divine Conference of *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin; of the Elements, the Earth, the Sea and the Air, that will awake and execute Wrath upon the *Sodom*. Every Article is founded on the Basis of holy Writ. Every Age may paint after the Virgin's State of Innocency. There are no Allurements to defile the Morals of either Sex. Those Ideas have instilled in me good Thoughts, and banished bad Desires. Emblems that will survive my Funeral, and live till Time shall be no more. Could I have my Wish, every Page should be engraven on Tables of Marble in all Cathedrals and Churches, which would be more affecting to read than funeral Orations. The Times call for such Lessons to be recorded in our Temples, and Places of divine Worship. Sir, pray insert these my Thoughts in your Treatises; they may be agreeable to After-Generations, and even prevail with some to take a Journey from *Sodom* to *Canaan*. By this the Treatises may be extended over the Christian World, and reach the *Turks*, *Heathens*, and *Pagan* Nations, that those Unbelievers may receive perfect Representations of the *Elizian* Fields; not flowery Meadows, such as they fancy, for the Enjoyment of beautiful Women; but Groves and Gardens, with holy Men, and with chaste Virgins, and accompany them to the Regions that are beyond our Sight.

O that I could for ever live with such Saints in Palaces enlighten'd with Morning Stars, and join with them in

Hallelu-

Hallelujahs for ever, the Church triumphant, in endless
Glory.

I am with Regard,

St. James's-Square,
Aug. 3. 1741.

Yours, &c.

Manuscripts directed to *Sodom*.

Signed by *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin.

Deliver'd by way of Image and Description.

P R E S E N T I N G,

THAT in thirty Days after the Pilgrims Arrival at *Abraham's* House in *Canaan*, they agreed in a Conference to send Memorials to the Town of their Nativity. The Virgin in *Eden* opens the Scene with the underwritten Dedication.

D E D I C A T I O N.

Tho' it be unusual for Maids, in the Bloom of Youth, to write divine Lectures; yet, as the Work comes from a Pilgrim, now a Stranger to *Sodom*, her Lessons may be esteemed beyond Flowers of Eloquence.

Solitude and Silence have given me just Thoughts of God, his Essence and divine Attributes. I find it a secret Pleasure to hide in Groves, and walk in Shades: there I am delighted with the Springs that run in Streams down the Hills to their appointed Centre. These Objects take off my Mind from Shew and Pageantry.

But in this I fear I offend by my comparing an earthly *Canaan* to the heavenly *Jerusalem*. In the Morning it is sweet to hear the airy Inhabitants break out into one Chorus of Praises to their sovereign Creator. The Sound to me is so melodious, that at that time I even wish to live always: then I am not for returning to my original Dust. The going through the Alley of Death is a melancholy Scene to the very innocent and chaste. At our last Agonies
the

the Soul is apt to start back, occasion'd by the innate Corruption of Nature.

What I glory in is this: Before I left *Sodom*, and proceeded on my Progress to *Canaan*, with Sighs and Tears I intreated my Neighbours to go with me to *Abraham's* House, the only Situation of Peace and Silence on this Side Eternity. Vanity, Pride and Ambition reign in *Sodom*: She floats in momentary Pleasures. Emulation rages there as Billows in the Sea. They rise as Storms that presage Wrecks; Floods to drown her Inhabitants. She sleeps, and sees not her Danger; but cries, *Peace, Peace*. In *Canaan* the Voice is, *Wrath, Wrath*, unless she awakes and remembers.

At this Day I view *Sodom* as in a distracted Vision veiled in Darknefs, but she will not believe it. She is as *Eve* in the Garden of *Eden* betrayed by the subtil Serpent: for whisper to her to consider, she regards it not. Her Image is as the Portraiture of Destruction; a Widow that has lost her Senses, and will not be prevailed upon to assume the Aspect she bore in her Virgin State.

In *Canaan* we retain Reason; go into the Fields and Vineyards to behold the Vines flourish, and bear Grapes. *Sodom* engenders wanton Idleness, and fancies herself amiable. This is the Delirium she labours under; she fancies herself to be as fair as the Roses, and like the Lillies in the Valleys, tho' there is nothing but Loathsomness and Weeds to be found in her Garden.

The VIRGIN's Epistle, writ in *Canaan*,
directed to her Brother in *Sodom*.

Dear Brother,

YOU tell me of the Prosperity you enjoy; provided it be crowned with Virtue, that is more valuable than all other Possessions. What are the Affluences of Life separated from true Piety? Riches are but Shadows, soon vanished and gone. Convey your Thoughts to *Canaan*. Offer Sacrifices to Jesus: Keep to divine Duties. If we part with them, we crucify our Faith; the End centers in Anxiety. The Breach of divine Precepts is the way to Misery. We then bewilder ourselves in winding and intricate Mazes: We are lost in Confusion, and exil'd from divine Providence. The State of Guilt puts the Mind in Pain, but serious Reflections give the View of Happiness. What makes the last End of Man terrible, the looking back upon past Actions. *Sodom*, in which you inhabit, is a City of Calamity. The Great and Powerful feel the Anguish of Envy and Ambition: The Poor and Needy meet with cross Blows of Fortune. Rocks lie in the way to shipwreck the Soul. Make your Retreat to *Canaan*, the Port of Happiness on this Side the Grave. In this Course there are no Quick sands, no Precipices, no Dangers nor Eddies to sink you in endless Miseries.

I remain your dear Sister.

From *Abraham's House*
in *Canaan*.

The Copy of a LETTER writ in *Sodom* by the Virgin's Sister, directed to *Abraham's House* in *Canaan*.

Dear Sister,

I Live in full Possession of Plenty, and inhabit in a stately Pile; but ever since you went on your Progress, I pass my Days in Sorrow, and am as a Stranger in the
L World.

World. When I awake in the Night, I gush out in Showers of Tears, because I went not with you to *Canaan* to be instructed in divine Principles. I am now restrained, and cannot come to you, being enter'd into a Marriage State. When I was a Virgin, I thought to enjoy a thousand Satisfactions in Conversation of a Man. Now those Ideas are vanished. I am as a Bond-Slave chained to a Galley, constrained to spend my Days in Converse with my Spouse's Concubines: If I cast a Frown towards any of them, I am sure to receive private Resentment. The only Entertainment I have, is to look upon your Picture in my Parlour. But that pleasing Image soon disappears, as knowing it is not the real Presence. It is a melancholy reflection to me to think, that we live as in separate Islands. I am like *Adam* alone in the Garden before *Eve* received a Being. I have neither the Company nor Conversation of my Spouse Day or Night, but when he is intoxicated with Wine, or satiated his Desires with his Courtezans. These Scenes I pass through in the Tents of *Sodom*, now in the Bloom of Youth. O that I had kept myself a Maid, turned Pilgrim, and gone to *Abraham's* House, to sing divine Hymns in that Temple of Saints. Let Virgins lay this Epistle before their Admirers, to let them know how false they are. Let married Women also read this Lesson, as often as their Consorts break through the Vows and Protestations of that Love and Kindness they made before the ceremonial Knot was tied. This may be of Service to our Sex in the City of *Sodom* crowded with treacherous Men, whose Emulations wander after lewd and licentious Harlots, with Hatred in the Heart to their Consorts, though ever so virtuous, beautiful, chaste, and innocent.

I remain your sorrowful Sister in Tears, now in Sodom.

Manuscripts directed from *Canaan* to
the City of *Sodom*.

Signed by *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin at
Abraham's House.

P R E S E N T,

The Descendants of *Moses*, *Aaron*, the Pro-
phets, the Apostles, and the Evangelists.

FELIX open'd the Assembly: Says he, the Element, the Earth, the Sea, the Air, will awake and execute divine Wrath. I look upon *Sodom* as an Island ripe for Destruction: not one bright Star to be seen in her Hemisphere. She is to be viewed as *Noah* did the old World, threatned with Destruction: the Clouds seem to gather every-where. O that the wiser Inhabitants would prepare for themselves an Ark of Safety to flee to, at the breaking in of the Deluge. At this Speech the Virgin rose up; says she, ever since my Arrival in *Canaan*, I weep in secret for the Sins of *Sodom*. My Eyes distil Tears, and run down as Showers, when I think of her now in Captivity. Then the Student spoke in the Language of *David* the Royal Prophet; said he, *My Flesh trembles, and I am afraid of God's Judgments*, lest the Arm of his Vengeance should destroy the Island of my Birth. O whither shall the Miserably fly when the Inundation comes, and all perish, either in Floods of Water, Streams of Blood, or Flames of Fire. O that Nature may not fall into Convulsions, as she did in former Ages, to execute divine Wrath upon Kingdoms and States for their Blasphemies and Infidelities. Says the Virgin, I will deliver some Instances out of Records. In the Year One thousand four hundred and fifty-six, upon the fifth of *December*, three Hours before Day, the whole Kingdom of *Naples* trembled with that Violence, that some entire Towns were buried in the Earth, and great Part of many others overthrown; in which fifty-four thousand Persons, Part swallowed by the Earth, and Part oppressed by the Ruins of Buildings. O *Jesus*, what Security can *Sodom*

then look for, when she is not secure of the Earth she is founded upon? What Firmness can there be, when the only firm Thing is unstable? From whence may not Death assault, if it springs from under our Feet?

Felix answer'd, It is not much if the Earthquake of a whole Kingdom cause so great a Ruin, since it hath done the same in one City. The Night in which *Mauritius* the Emperor was married, three Hours after Sun-set, the City of *Antioch* quaked in that manner, that most of the Buildings were overthrown, and sixty thousand Corpses remained buried in her Ruins.

The Student reply'd, That in the Time of *Tiberius* twelve of the most principal Cities of *Asia* were overthrown and sunk in the Earth. And yet more cruel was that in the Time of the Emperor *Theodosius*, which lasted for six Months without Intermision; and was so universal, that almost the whole Circuit of Nature trembled, extending to the *Chersonesus*, *Alexandria*, *Bythinia*, *Antioch*, *Hellepont*, the two *Phrygia's*, the greatest Part of the East, and many Nations of the West.

Since we are upon these Subjects, says *Felix*, I will mention the Fury of the Sea against those who were far distant from the Rage of its Waves, and thought themselves secure in their own Houses. Soon after the Death of the Emperor *Julian*, wherein not only the Earth trembled, but the Ocean pass'd over its Limits, as in a second *Noah's* Deluge, to involve the Frame of Nature, as in the first Chaos. Ships floated in *Alexandria* above the loftiest Buildings and Hills: then she returned to her own Channel. But in this Inundation many Vessels remained upon Mountains and Rocks.

Here the Student deliver'd himself as an Oracle; says he, I have read the Records of most Nations in their native Language. In the Days of *Procopius* the Tyrant, the twenty-first of *July*, the Year wherein *Valentinian* was first time Consul with his Brother, the Elements throughout the whole Compass of the Globe suddenly fell into such Distempers, as neither true Stories have ever mentioned, nor false feigned. A little before Break of Day, the Elements being first overcast with a dark Tempest, intermixed with frequent Thunder and Flashes of Lightning. The whole Body of Nature moved; and the Sea being violently driven back, retir'd in such manner, as the most hidden Bottom of it was discover'd, so as many known sorts of Fishes were seen stretched out upon the Mud. Those vast

Profun-

Profundities beholding then the Sun, whom Nature from the Beginning of the World had hid under so immense a Mass of Waters, many Ships remained upon the Ouse, or floating in small Gulleys.

The Virgin, in the Words of a moral Heathen, said, Our Gods are angry; the Sun, the Moon and the Stars fight against Kingdoms and States for their Offences. What Judgments less than these can *Sodom* expect, they threaten'd her Temples with Destruction. Says the Virgin, Nature hath heretofore lifted up her Fury against the Islands, and far extended Coasts of the Continent, and what Cities or Buildings she encounter'd were violently overthrown; insomuch as the Face of the World once seem'd to be changed by the Discords of Nature, which have produced unheard-of Prodigies. The Ocean hath several times exceeded her Bounds, and enter'd far into the Land; and after her Swellings have been assuaged, thousands of dead Bodies were found, some with their Faces downward groveling upon the Earth, some upwards looking upon the Heavens, as it happened in *Alexandria*.

The noble *Grecians*, at the *Turks* coming before the City of *Constantinople* to besiege it, could not deliver themselves with more Eloquence and Strength of Argument than *Felix* did upon these Occasions. He went on with the History of past Ages; says he, in one thousand two hundred and eighteen, the enraged Billows enter'd into *Phrygia*, and there were drowned in the Fields, and in their Houses, more than a hundred thousand People. And after this the Ocean re-entering the same Province, retired not till it had left eighty thousand Men, Women and Children drowned behind it.

At these Speeches the Virgin wept; and in an Extasy of Sorrow said, O Infinite Being, how terrible are these Instances of thy Wrath for *Sodom* to read. O that she would consider what Scenes the Convulsions of Nature acted in the Year One thousand five hundred and nine, the Day of the Exaltation of the Cross in *September*, the Ocean betwixt *Constantinople* and *Peru* swelled with that Rage and Fury, that it pass'd over the Walls of both Cities, and there were drowned only of *Turks* in *Constantinople* above thirteen thousand.

The Student answer'd; says he, I will go yet further: The *Atlantick* Island, seated in that spacious Ocean betwixt *Spain* and the *West-Indies*, and which was a greater Part of the World than *Asia* and *Africa* both together, replenished

with

with innumerable People, was by the Rain of only one Day and Night, in which the Elements, as it were, melted themselves into Water, and destroyed all the Inhabitants, none ever having since appear'd.

At this the Virgin wept, as a Woman who had lost her First-born, and seen all her Inheritance in Flames. What, says she, cannot God do? What Judgment does not *Sodom* deserve? Cannot the Force of the Elements, the Trembling of the Earth, the Raging of the Ocean, the Storms of Hail and Rain, fight against Man in this last Age of the World? Cannot God extend his Fury even all over *Europe, Asia, Africa* and *America*, for their Infidelity, for the Breach of his divine Laws?

Felix with a *Stoick* Gravity concluded the Conference; said, Nature can never keep within its Limits, when the Deity hath commanded it to fight against Cities, Towns and Villages. If he arms against any particular People, and gives the Alarm to execute his Vengeance for their Ingratitude for his infinite Benefits, they must unavoidably perish.

Felix the Student and the Virgin having thus deliver'd their Thoughts to the Assembly at *Abraham's* House in *Canaan*, they sat down, and the whole Body remained in a profound Silence for near an Hour, as being struck with Amazement at what may fall upon *Sodom* for her repeated Transgressions, if she doth not consider. The next Day the Assembly met again in solemn manner in the Chapel, and kept the Day as a Fast. In the Evening *Abraham, Sarah* and *Isaac* rose up, and gave in their Opinion of Nature in Convulsions. Says *Abraham*, The Air in which we live and breathe, though it be an Element sweet and gentle, yet God can draw Force out of Weakness. The Wind hath torn up whole Woods by the Roots, and transported Trees to distant Places. In the Year One thousand five hundred and seven, at Midnight, there arose such a Tempest in *Germany*, that the strongest Buildings shaked, Houses were uncover'd, Trees rooted up and removed from their Station. *Henry* the VIth being Emperor, he himself saw Beams of Timber blown from the Roof of the chief Church in *Mentz*, as big as the Beams of a Wine-Press, and of heavy Wood, as Oak, flying in the Air.

Sarah, Abraham's Wife, being in Showers of Tears, in a low Voice deliver'd herself thus: says she, My Soul is oppress'd, it is overwhelmed within me, only by reading the Antiquities of *Josephus*, and *Euseb. Præp. Evang.* in
which

which it is recorded, that the Tower of *Babylon*, which was the most strong and prodigious Building of the World, was overthrown with a Tempest, and the Flocks and Herds of the *Egyptians* destroyed by Lightning. O may not such divine Wrath fall upon *Sodom*, that City which now glories in her Strength and Beauty.

Then *Isaac* the Son of *Abraham* answer'd: I am a Youth, in my tender Years: I have read of a Storm of Hail that fell, and slew innumerable *Amorites*. And in the *Campania* of *Bologna* there fell Stones of twenty-eight Pounds Weight. *Olaus Magnus* writes, that in the *North* Hail fell as big as the Head of a Man. And the *Tripartite History* says, there happen'd such a Tempest in *Constantinople*, which shatter'd the whole City.

Abraham told his Son *Isaac*, that in *Scythia* People were struck dead only with the Noise of Thunder. It was so loud and piercing, that those who escaped hid themselves in secret Places to avoid the Calamity.

Says *Sarah*, though my Soul is overwhelmed, yet I must draw a Scene still more clear. These Alterations, says she, are not parallel with what the Battel will be unto the World, when the Heavens shall shoot its Arrows, and declare its Wrath. *St. Gregory* the Great writes, as an Eyewitness, that in a Pestilence at *Rome*, he saw Arrows visibly fall from the Element, which struck Persons dead.

In the Time of *Irene* and *Constantine*, the Sun was darken'd for seventeen Days together. And in the Time of *Vespasian*, the Sun and Moon did not appear for the Space of twenty Days. And the Time will come, when the Sun shall hide her Beams under a mourning Garment, and the Moon cloath herself in Sackcloth and Blood, to signify the Wars which all Creatures are to make against those who despised their Creator. The Earth shall raise itself up against Man, and shake him off, as unwilling to endure his Burthen any longer. The Sea will pursue and assault the Inhabitants: Neither shall the Air permit them to be safe in their Houses, or in the Fields. Then the Cry will be, Hide us, ye Mountains and Hills, within your Cliffs. But this is rather to be imagin'd than expressed. The very Thought is enough to make *Sodom* tremble. Dumb Creatures groan to see themselves abused by Cruelty and Barbarity; yet what is this to the Injuries done to the Creator of all Beings?

Says *Isaac*, if we enquire into the Divine Essence, we shall find Instances of the Destruction occasion'd by the
Convul-

Convulsions of Nature. The Sun will be totally eclipsed, the Moon roll in Blood, the Stars fall upon the Earth, as a Fig-tree that casts off its green Figs when shaken by violent Winds; the Elements will be folded up as a Book, or as a Roll of Parchment; the Mountains and Hills will move from their Places, and be no more.

O my God, says *Sarah*, how are my Spirits sunk at these Lectures! *Sodom*, will not a Day come, when thy Kings and Princes, the Rich and the Strong, Slaves and Freemen, will endeavour to hide in Caves and Rocks, in Dens and Grottos, to skreen them from the Fury of the Elements? Then Islands will be vanished, and the Mountains be levell'd with the Plains.. How will these Tremblings astonish those that are then alive, and did not travel as Pilgrims to *Abraham's House in Canaan*? Will not Rivers come as a mighty Inundation and Deluge.

These Descriptions seemed to overwhelm *Sarah*. In the Extremity of Thought, says she, then nothing can avail but Virtue and Innocency: all besides that will perish. What will it profit the Miser, or the Wealthy, to be in Possession of Vessels of Gold and Silver, curious Embroideries, rich Tapestries, flowry Gardens, shady Groves, lofty Palaces, and all what Mortals now count precious? They will see their costly Moveables consumed, their Ingots of Dross melted, their Grotto's and Bowers burnt with the Heat of the Elements. The World will expire and die, the Memory of Man will perish; Kings will no longer wear Diadems, nor Emperors grasp Scepters; Divines will no longer be cited in Council, nor Tribunals erected to encircle Tyrants with massy Crowns.

Then says *Abraham*, No more shall *Plato* be read among the Learned, nor *Cicero* imitated by the Orators. No more shall *Seneca* be admir'd by the Understanding, nor *Alexander* extoll'd amongst the great Generals of the Age. Victories and Grandeur shall be named no more. Vain Man! Memorials of Splendor will then be extinguish'd, and remember'd no more. What will become of that Statue of massy Gold, which *Gorgias* the *Leantin* placed in *Delphos* to eternize his Name, and that of *Gubion* in *Rome*, and that of *Borofius*, with the golden Tongue in *Athens*? Sixty Statues were erected by the *Athenians* unto *Democritus Phalarias*, for having governed their Commonwealth for ten Years with great Virtue and Prudence. But of so little Continuance were those Trophies, that the very Emblems which were raised by Gratitude, were soon after destroyed

stroyed by Envy ; and he himself, who saw his Statues set up in so great a Number, saw them also pulled down : but he still retained this Comfort, which Christians may learn from him, that beholding how they threw his Images to the Ground, he could say at last, they cannot overthrow those Virtues for which they were erected.

Says *Sarah*, If they were true Virtues, *Democritus Phalaris* said well ; for those neither Time can demolish, nor human Power destroy ; and which is more, the divine Power will not, in the general Destruction of the World, extinguish : they shall be preserved in eternal Memory.

Says *Isaac*, Charity and Christian Acts shall not end with the World ; but all other Triumphs will expire. The Trophies exhibited by the *Roman Captains*, when they conquer'd mighty and powerful Kings, lasted but a while. There are few now, who know that *Metellus* triumphed over King *Jugurtha*, *Aquileius* over King *Aristonicus*, *Attilius* over King *Antiochus*, *Marcus Antonius* over the King of *Armenia*, *Pompey* over King *Mithridates*, *Aristobulus* and *Hiarchus Emelius* over King *Perseus*, and the Emperor *Aurelius* over *Cænobia* the Queen of the *Palrurens*.

Says *Abraham*, Few know this now, but dumb Books and dead Papers. When they end, what will then become of their Memories ? How many Libraries and Histories have Fire consumed, and are no more known than if they had never been written. No Act can be done or framed to make the Memory of Man immortal.

Sarah answered ; says she, *Aristobocus* wrote near a thousand Commentaries on several Subjects, of which not one Line now remains. *Cripsus* wrote two hundred Volumes, and at present not one Leaf is extant. *Theophrastus* compiled near two hundred, and scarce three or four remain. *Dionysius Grammaticus* writ upon three thousand five hundred Subjects, and not one Page now appears. *Trismegistus* studied three thousand five hundred Discourses ; and all those are as if he had not writ a Letter. The four or five little and imperfect Treatises, which pass under his Name, are none of his Compositions.

Says *Isaac*, Thus the Memorials in Paper expire in Space of Time ; and so will Tables of Marble and Statues of Brass. What is now become of those prodigious Amphitheatres which *Stabulus Taurus* raised of Stone ? Were they not all consumed in the Time of *Nero* ? *Rome*, which may be called the original City in the whole World, what Lamentations were there when it burnt for seven Days to-

gether? What Shrieks were heard in *Troy* when it was wholly consumed? What Astonishment was there in *Penopolis*, when those Cities were destroyed, and all the Inhabitants perished? What Weeping was there in *Jerusalem*, when the *Jews* beheld their Temple destroyed.

These Lectures of divine Wrath even pierced the Soul of *Sarah*: she wept as a Child, and said, Now I see nothing can skreen Man from the Deity's Anger. This calls to my mind, says *Isaac*, what happen'd in a late Age, when Lightning from Heaven fell upon *Stockholm*, the capital City of *Sweden*, and burnt to death above one thousand six hundred Persons; besides an innumerable Multitude of Women and Children, who hoped to escape the Fire by Land, fled into Ships at Sea, but overcharging them, they were all drown'd. Who can conceive what those People felt at the instant they saw their Houses and Goods consumed, and no probability of saving them? The Husbands heard the Shrieks and Cries of their dying Wives, the Fathers of their Children, who unawares perceiving themselves so encompass'd with Flames, that they could neither release them, nor free themselves from Death. The Anguish that possessed the Souls of those unfortunate Mortals are not to be expressed, when they, to avoid the Fury of the Fire, were forced to trust themselves to the no less cruel Waves; for by their own over-hasty Crowding and Indiscretion, they saw their Ships overwhelmed; and, compelled to escape the Burning of their City, to struggle with the Water; and that which way soever they turned, they perished; Death still follow'd them, and was certain to strike his destructive Darts, and put a Period to their Misery.

These Scenes were drawn by the Pilgrims at *Abraham's* House in *Canaan*, to put *Sodom* in mind of what may befall her Island, and put a Period to her Existence.

The VIRGIN'S Brother's Memorial, directed to *Canaan*, upon his turn- ing Pilgrim.

Dear Sister,

I Received yours with great Joy: The Contents have brought me to Jesus. I have left my Possessions, and am now on my Progress to *Abraham's House*. Nature in Convulsions drawn up in *Canaan*, is now arriv'd in *Sodom*, and publish'd. The Contents are the Subject in every Conversation. The Serious cry out, *Let us flee from the Wrath to come, and escape divine Indignation*. For my part, I have left the World: *Sodom* is in a Storm. No Peace nor Solitude there. The Island is subject to Plagues, Pestilence and Famine. The Rich and the Strong oppress Widows and Orphans. Virtue and Innocence are censur'd, and Atheism and Vice recommended. Out of *Sodom* are Emblems of Paradise; the Birds sing, the Doves murmur, and the Winds whisper; the Woods, the Fields, and the Flocks, are agreeable Scenes to high-born Minds. Ideas, that transport the Thoughts to God. In Solitude we see the Dew of the Morning, the Showers at Noon, and the Shades of the Evening. Every Year produces a new Spring; Nature recovers her Beauty; she represents Scenes that rejoice the Soul. An Absence from such Sights is a Banishment from what is innocent. Entertainments in a crowded City are empty, perishing Vanities. The Blossoms and Fruits of the Earth appear there in dim Lights; the Sun sets in Clouds of Smoke, and rises encircl'd with Mists; rural Retreats are look'd upon in *Sodom* as barren Desarts, Views representing the dark Side of Nature. Obscenity and brutal Delights are their Thoughts and Dreams. The Pilgrim's Progress to *Canaan* are Emblems of the invisible Regions, Prospects of crystal Rivers and Trees of Life. In *Sodom*, Plays, Operas and Masquerades are the Night Diversions. The Beauties of the Creation appear there as the Sun eclipsed. Divine Contemplations are as Prisons and Chains to them. Was the Spring in its Bloom to be hid from my Eyes, what could I then see but Lewdness acted in crowded Cities; Blasphemy and Prophaneness, Preparatives to endless Pain; Agonies of Despair, Nights secluded from the Sight and Presence of an infinite Essence.

A Memorial: Writ in *Canaan*, directed to *Sodom*.

Upon ATHEISM.

Similitudes are beautiful Scenes if drawn to the Life. What is worse than Infidelity infused in Man, the very Image of God? Atheism sacrifices every Virtue. Now it reigns in Triumph, and runs like mighty Floods; the Creature denies his Creator; he traverses the Globe to gain Profelytes, and acts within the Shadow of Darkness. This Serpent poisons the Mind, and would extinguish the very Being of a Deity. He acts in Policy; converses not with Men of Reason and sound Judgment: his Companions are weak and vicious, neither willing nor capable of confuting his Infidelity. I view an Atheist in Time of his Health, as a distracted Creature; at the Hour of Death, I see him in Agonies of Despair. He then weeps and prays, trembles as an Aspin Leaf, and cries as a Child in the Cradle. His Life I describe as a Criminal; he never repents till he comes to the Tree of Execution. The Serpent that beguiled *Eve* in Paradise was no Atheist; he believed in his Creator: But our modern Infidels deny their God, till they come to breathe their last. They go their Progresses through the World; are fatal to Youth, and misguided Minds; they overturn their Faith, and they also perish in the Doctrine of Atheism. These young Agents, thus catechized in Infidelity, are seen in *Sodom* at this Day, infusing their Venom, and seeking whom they may betray of their own Species. Thus the very Being of an Infinite Creator, the Original of all, is now called in question; and the present Age are for erecting a Tribunal of their own, That there is no God, no Resurrection, nor future State. As in the Beginning, all Nature suffer'd by the Fall of our first Parents; so in this living Generation, all suffer by the Spirit of Infidelity: it runs in Streams throughout the Islands of the Earth.

The Atheist converses with his Pupil, as *Adam* did with *Eve* after he had eaten the forbidden Fruit. He told her, that she appear'd more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their Love was at the highest.

Atheism

Atheism is as an infected Sickness or Plague in a populous City; sweeps off Numbers without Distinction.

I have drawn these Lines to describe Sin and Death, Virtue and Life. In that Instant our Morals are corrupted with Infidelity, we travel in the crooked Path that leads to endless Pain, immaterial Infection, and material Destruction. Thus Soul and Body perish in both Worlds in the State of Atheism.

The Islands mourn,
the King sits in
Silence, the Prin-
ces of the Blood
sigh and shed
Tears.



The Female's Throne
is vacant: The
Wife, the Great,
the Good, the Just
and the Divine is
dead; she'll be no
more.

Authentick S P E E C H E S

And Divine S A Y I N G S

Of Queen *MARY* and *CAROLINA*
in Publick Conversation, in Select Compa-
nies, and in their Private Retirements.

Abraham's Memorial to Sodom for the Loss of
her two righteous *Lots*, who have changed
fading Crowns for bright Diadems in Glory.

TH O' I am an Inhabitant in *Canaan*, I have had Op-
portunities of observing the Scenes of these Princes
Reigns. Their Crowns were encircled with the highest
Instances of Virtue and great Qualities. They thought
themselves not superior to the rest of their Sex. These
noble Minds so demeaned themselves, that whatever En-
dowments they were possess'd with, not to value themselves
upon any, but such as every Person may arrive at. These
righteous *Lots* look'd upon no Person any further, than for
his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity. Other Endow-
ments they esteemed only as they contributed to the exert-
ing those Virtues. Such (if they be wise) know it is of no
Consideration that they are so, but as they employ those
high Talents for the publick Service. Crowned Heads,
who affect the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or
assume

assume to themselves a Superiority upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Praise into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Person in Power that is not conscious of it; but the Sense (that it is valuable only according to the Application of it) makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be the Reverse. In this Light it is considered as a Point in which every Monarch bears a Share. Nothing but Virtue and great Actions fix the Idea of Dignity, Power and Glory. In these Princesses it was eminent and most conspicuous. Every Man is naturally inclined to indulge his Curiosity in beholding such excellent Examples, from which he forms something in common with himself. Such Endowments, such Perfections give Delight in beholding the Image or the Tomb of such Personages, be they living, or translated to the Regions of Light. I took it from my own Thought, and an Act of Gratitude, to write the Characters of *Mary* and *Carolina*, who were the Ornaments of *Europe*. My Pen cannot describe the just Characters of these illustrious Women. It is impossible to be done; their Merits were too refined to be drawn by any Pencil. The then reigning Monarchs respected their Names.

Have not the *Turkish* and *Persian* Nations recorded in their Annals the Memories of *Mary* and *Carolina*? Do not the *British* Islands at this Day mourn in Silence for the Absence of their pious Examples? Every Act of their Lives was mix'd with a particular Grace, a becoming and beautiful Air. No Queen since the Creation exceeded their Virtues, Charity, Humanity, and Conduct. Their Ideas were glorious; they seem'd more divine than natural. This was the innate Disposition of their Minds. They suffered the Presence of much Company to oblige, more than to satisfy any Curiosity they themselves had of being popular. In bad Events their Thoughts were never tumultuous, nor seen to rise above their Sphere. In Spring Tides of Prosperity, the Splendor of Pomp and Magnificence made no Change in their Souls. In Times of War they were never affected in any publick Affairs, further than in considering the properest Ends to make their People glorious, and extricate their Kingdoms out of Danger. They had the strongest Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes in their Sex ever known before. It was easy to observe in them the Justice, Affability, and good Sense of the most refined Politicians. In every Instance of Life, their Minds were

capable

capable of being entertained with divine Contemplations, and glorious Enterprizes. O imperious Death, not to spare one of these Lives till I died! *Carolina* came into the World after my Birth. Cruel Tyrant! why didst thou not let that precious Life reign after I was entomb'd in my Sepulchre? I want Words to tell the World what *William* and *George*, and these Islands lost, when *Mary* and *Carolina* render'd up their Crowns and Sceptres to Destiny. But they are gone to reign with their Jesus in more bright Regions. I must remember, that in this Vale their Addresses were easy without Affectation; their Behaviour in Assemblies humble and gracious, mix'd with an Aspect of Virtue and Majesty; their Looks had something sublime, that did not seem to arise from their high Birth, Quality and Character, but the innate Disposition of their Souls. Their natural Genius was so quick, that they never gave an Opportunity of asking for deserved Favours, but granted the Petitions out of their own Generosity and good Nature. Their Wisdom, their high Perfections and Endowments banish'd all vain Glory and Ambition from before their Eyes. They had nothing in them but what was beautiful and commendable. The higher their Station, the more lowly they condescended, even so as to be familiar with the meanest Vassals. Their Merits were numerous, not to be now equalled in this, nor past Ages. Here I must shed a Tear, and stay a while, to view the Monuments of these two illustrious Queens of blessed Memory, whom I once saw lie embalmed in their royal Palaces, surrounded with a noble Train of Maids of the greatest Honour, whose solemn Dress made them appear more like Saints newly come down from the heavenly Mansions, than Ladies of an earthly Court. The lofty Rooms were overspread with dark Veils of black Cloth, and the dim Lights that cast their glimmering Rays from every Sconce made so sad a Shew, as to draw Sighs from the Heart, and Tears from the Eyes of the mournful Beholders; who were extremely aggrieved to see their deceased Sovereigns laid in Coffins cover'd with rich Palls, in Rooms hung with Velvet, attended by the Yeomen of their own Guards, arrayed more like Bearers of the Dead, than the Servants of Princes. A melancholy Sight to behold the Corpses of illustrious Sovereigns, who but few Days before their Demise were seen in the Land of the Living in perfect Health, instructing their Subjects how to prepare for a blessed Duration by the glorious Examples of their unspotted Reigns.

O my Jesus! O my God! Was it not the Iniquities of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, that cut off the Thread of these valuable Lives even in the Bloom? Might not they, by their austere living, have survived the Period of fourscore? For our Offences it was, that their Races were so soon run, and their noble Personages obliged to lie in stately Silence, void of Motion, Pulse or Breath, as publick Monitors of Mortality to the numerous Crouds that came to lament the Deaths of their deceased Sovereigns. These melancholy Scenes were presented in the Palaces of *Somerset-House* and *St. James's*; from whence these Royal Obsequies were conveyed in the Close of the Evening to the *Abbey-Church*, with all the silent Pomp and profound Veneration that could be shewn to the Ashes of these excellent Images. What added most to the Mournfulness of the Solemnity, was the Streams of Tears that flow'd from the Eyes of the innumerable Multitude of Spectators, who stood like Swarms of Bees in the Streets, in the Galleries and Windows of every House, to bedew their Hearses with plentiful Showers of brinish Water; which being arrived at the Western Door, the Bodies were taken out, and laid under Canopies erected in the Choir, till removed to silent Vaults, where they now lie interr'd, waiting to be call'd in the Morn of the Resurrection, to be encircled with immaterial Scepters and Crowns, more splendid and glorious than those that either *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, or any of the *Roman* Emperors, will ever wear, in the spiritual Regions of Light. Those Monarchs must bow down their Diadems to these female Sovereigns, and give the Pre-eminence to them, as being more virtuous, more just, humble and chaste in Life and Act.

A PANEGRICK

In Memory of *Mary* and *Carolina*,
Queens of *Great Britain*.

I Am disposed to convey the Thoughts of crowned Heads in View of the Grave, in order for them to make Reflections on the End of Life; so that they may exchange earthly Scepters for glorious Diadems.

Ye that drink the generous Wine in Remembrance of Christ's Blood, humble your Souls. *Mary* and *Carolina* are laid in mournful Silence; they hear not the Noise of War, the Clashing of Spears, nor the Cries of Widows and Orphans.

The Illustrious Queens are here recorded, that the Royal Family may view their Tombs, and bedew the scattered Ashes with Sighs and Tears. Ladies and Virgins of the *British* Court, come and behold the Sepulchres. Here lie the Royal Images pourtrayed in all the Scenes of Horror. See the Remains of the perfect Patterns of Humility: Roul away the Sheets of Lead, and survey all the Parts of their mouldring Bodies. Here are the refulgent Heads upon which three Crowns once bloomed and flourished; now there is nothing left but bare Sculls, and a few long Hairs. See the Tongues that delivered Flowers of Eloquence; they are withered and dried. The Lips, out of which proceeded Sentences little inferior to those deliver'd by King *Solomon*, are mouldering to Dust. These Potentates, who are now anatomized by Death, were once the Darlings of *Britain*, the Praise of *Europe*. Take hold of their Hands, feel how they are fallen away; the Fingers that were ever averse, and trembled to sign Sentences of Death even to the vilest Offenders, are now become stiff and crooked: they will never take up Pencil more. These dried Bones once outshined the Glories of the heathen Gods. Those Deities will appear Idols to them at the Rising of the Just. These Relicks lie as good Grain, and will appear with an everlasting Increase. I cannot lay their Memory in Oblivion; I must indulge my Grief, and chide hasty Death, that called these dear Lives away at a Time the Nations stood most in need of their Counsel. Behold the Change;
the

the Flesh that now feels as cold as Ice, and resembles the new fallen Snow, was once soft, fresh, and blooming. The Eyes that were so quick, as to penetrate into the inmost Recesses of the Mind, out of those Casements appear Vermin; their Winding-Sheets are pierced thro' with a thousand Breaches, which that vast Army of Worms made in their gloomy Caverns. O Jesus, what are earthly Crowns, though beset with resplendent Jewels; they glitter only for a while like Stars in a clear Night, and disappear in the Morning. Consider this, ye Royal Branches; your sublime Thoughts must fade and perish; all will die but the unblemish'd Virtues of *Mary* and *Carolina*. They shower'd Tears as Fountains and Springs, and liv'd as Pilgrims and Strangers. The Scenes you now behold in their Sepulchre will be seen in yours. How are their Lineaments alter'd, their Aspects faded, their fine Complexions gone, their Skins dried and shrivell'd. Thus the ghastly Darts will anatomize your Persons; your courteous Air and irresistible Charms will be no more than vanishing Shadows. Go then between the Tombs; take a few Turns; imitate the *Egyptian*, who retir'd to the Cliffs of the Rocks to be familiar with Death. Pay Homage at the Tomb of *Carolina*; range in Order all her Royal Progeny. Your Highness Prince *Frederick*, assume an Air of *Stoick Gravity* in Memory of the Exit of your invaluable Queen Mother. Prince *William*, deplore the Loss of that Vine from whence you sprung; the Root is dried and dead. Princess Royal, bedew with Drops of Sorrow that Monument where she now lies decypher'd in all the Emblems of Mortality. Serene Virgin Princess *Amelia*, let fall a Tear over the original Clay, the Royal Dust. Princess *Carolina*, send your Thoughts to those Shades of Oblivion. Princess of *Hesse*, convey your Sighs to King *Henry's* Chapel, where the concealed Particles are hid in Darkness. Princess *Louisa*, offer your Passions of Grief to those Remains that now lie as Seed springing up to a ripe Harvest.

Had she liv'd to see the present Tumults and Wars, what Victories might not have been obtained by her Prayers and Counsel? But that was not to be: the Righteous is cut off. She was not to offer Sacrifices to allay the Tempest, and divert the Storms. *O tell it not in Gath*, neither let it be published in the Streets of *Ascalon*, that she and her Predecessor Queen *Mary* are gone, who inviolably maintained the

Church as by Law established. They religiously kept up to the sacred Rights and Privileges, spiritual and temporal: Stood in the Gap as Walls of Brass against Persecution and *Romish* Force. What I have recited is but a small Part of what might be said of these Excellent Queens; the rest I must leave to be described by the Pencil of a more ready Writer, but not of a more loyal Subject, who has served his Prince and Country in many Instances.

Thus I have drawn the living Examples, and the Images of Death, of *Mary* and *Carolina*. O that I could have silenced the Tongue that first told the News that those Pious Princeesses were dead. Could I have had my Will, the Voice should never have been heard; it might have been thought, they had retir'd to some Retreats near silent Streams and Bowers, Emblems of the Virgin in *Eden*.

In Seventeen Hundred and Five,

I Writ the Acts of King *William* the Third; and upon the Demise of Queen *Anne*, I drew up sixty-five Articles of that Reign; which said Work inspir'd the Spirits of the People throughout *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and gave Life to all the Protestant Churches in *Europe*. This latter Piece was then declared by the Privy-Council, and in both Houses of Parliament, to be of the highest Consequence to the Nation. King *George* the First sent the Lord *Stanhope* to my House at *Hampstead*, to tell me in his Name, he approved of that Work, and had publish'd a Proclamation, offering One thousand Pounds Reward to discover the Author that writ the Answer to the said sixty-five Articles.

Now as my Life is preserv'd to advanced Years, I will trace the Royal Family in their several Scenes. There now lie before me several authentick Speeches and divine Sayings of Queen *Mary* and *Carolina*. Their Memory I look upon as precious in the Eye of the World. Their Virtues, Wisdom and Piety will travel beyond the Limits of the Heathen and Pagan Dominions.

The Speeches and Sayings of Queen MARY.

In one Manuscript she gives her Opinion, That Princes neither see nor hear the true State of their Subjects.

CROWN'd Heads, said her Majesty, have not Opportunities of exercising their Virtues to the wisest Ends. They are as Prisoners confined from the Conversation of the lower Sphere of their Subjects, in Points where there are required the most Acts of Charity and Benevolence. Sovereigns know little, but what is related to them by their Ministers. Their Neglect is too frequently laid to the Charge of Princes, as if they were unjust and cruel. Those that sit at the Helm hear from every Part Complaints and Grievances of Men of honest Minds oppress'd with Misery. Such Cases merit Recommendation to the Prince on the Throne, and ought to be granted according to the Exigencies of the publick Affairs. Says her Majesty, This is to steer right. Men of unbiass'd Principles and Abilities become publick Blessings to their Country. They patronize the Fatherless and Widows, receive the Virtuouse into Favour, and reject the Guilty.

Such Ministers of State are the Gifts of Heaven. Men should not be denied by reason of their Modesty. Generous Principles always find out Occasions of doing Christian Acts.

A Minister unfaithful in his Trust, or passionate in his Temper, discountenances the Timorous, and sends them away unrewarded, tho' full of Merit. He gives himself not time to be informed of the true Nature of the Case, and conceals the Petitions from the Eye and Ear of his Prince. A corrupt Minister rejects what he thinks not agreeable to his Interest; and prefers Men of mean Capacities to Posts of High Trust, to fill his Coffers by Corruption. It has been my Observation, says the Queen, that Men of Virtue discharge Places of Trust, tho' not of very polite Parts, with greater Honour than Men of contracted Principles, tho' remarkable for Politicks. Men that have
spent

spent the best Part of their Days with an exact Discipline, act with a studied and faithful Industry; but they that have lived the reverse, never promote Justice or true Honour, either to their Prince, or his faithful Subjects. What Divine, what Philosopher, do we read of in History, that ever penn'd a more curious Piece than this of Queen *Mary* of happy Memory? A Pattern for Ministers of State to act and be guided by in this and succeeding Ages.

A COPY of the Manuscript found in Queen *Mary's* Closet after her Decease.

Her Opinion on the Weight of a Crown.

WHAT shall I say? says her Majesty, of Royal Dignity. The Sight of a King sitting on the Throne raises Envy, and a Diadem dazzles the Eyes of the Unexperienc'd. The Scepter seems to them to be encircled with Honour, Riches, Pleasure, and all the Happiness of Life. They fix their Eyes upon the outward Grandeur, not upon the Mind of the King, more sad than the deepest Mourning. The Crown does not more encompass his Head, than Anxieties his Soul. Look not on the Number of his Guards, but the Vexation that attends him in his Councils and Undertakings. He is disquieted on every Side. The Stratagems of his Enemies abroad, and the Treachery of his Subjects at home, are numerous. His Kingdom lies at Stake, not only as it depends upon the Success of his Fleets and Armies, but even as he holds it at the Will and Pleasure of his own People. These are the Specimens of those Disquietudes that attend the present Reign, and put the Life of the King in Danger. Is not his Person expos'd every Hour, to be destroy'd by Poison, stabb'd in the Street, or assassinated by Ruffians in the Field? These Troubles and Uneasinesses have attended him ever since his Accession to the Throne. The least Man in the Island may be accounted more happy than their Prince. His Subjects scarce suffer him to enjoy the frail things of the Earth in Peace and Security, but make it unintelligible.

What

What is the Imperial Power to him more than a Crown of Thorns, or a bloody Cross? Hath not he suffer'd more Troubles, Grievs and Treasons than any of his Predecessors? A Slave may be stil'd happier than he. Had it not been to have rescu'd a bleeding Church and Nation, he had never crossed the Seas, nor taken upon him the Burden of a Kingdom. It is better not to be born, than to labour in Toil, and War, and Ingratitude. What is there more in a Crown than in a Mitre? It is not so valuable: An Imperial Dignity is attended with awaken'd Nights, and wearisome Days.

A COPY of Queen *Mary's* Manuscript on Death.

I Consider the Time of Life, says her Majesty, as a State of Trials and Sin, in reach of Temptations and Snares. Whilst I live, I am within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing my Peace; but Death closes the Eyes, and determines the State for ever. What is the Reason we are so averse to die, and change our Being? It is because we have an endless Scene of Time in View, where we must be for ever. Here present Fear so discomposes our Minds, that we can't be called happy till the last Conclusion of Life. I compare myself, says the Queen, to the moving of the Wheels of a Clock; they are in Motion, let them go right or wrong. If my Thoughts are not pure, what Peace can I possess? There's much to be discern'd in us, when we come near to the End of our Journey; we then make Discoveries whether our Lives have been virtuous or vicious; if loose and wandering, there appears in us heavy Prospects: but in Virtue we close our Days in a quiet Serenity. Tho' this is not a certain Rule, yet it is a general one. Our Thoughts then are employ'd in enquiring how we have spent our Time. A good Man's Life and Death are all of a piece; there's nothing forced or affected; it produces no Alteration; and as we die under a fixed and settled Hope of Salvation, there's no Occasion to shew any unusual Degree of Sorrow or Concern at the parting of Soul of Body. These are Queen *Mary's* Sayings; and she maintain'd them to the last
with

with the strictest Discipline. She was chearful and resign'd, and gave Instances of it to the World. Virtue was inherent in her Mind; there was nothing new to be seen in her, tho' the Change was great. She prepar'd in time for the Reception of Death; and recommended to those about her their Duty to God, and Loyalty to their Sovereign. Having finish'd her Course, she resign'd herself to the Embraces of Jesus, and died with a sweet and composed Countenance. No Clouds of Fear or Despair were seen in her Aspect. All was serene and quiet, in Health, Sickness, Prosperity or Adversity. Purity adorn'd her whole Reign: No Stain in Life ever blemish'd that Character more than what was common in the best of Princesses, and the Servants of a dying Jesus.

Sentences writ with Queen *Mary's* own Hand, which she deliver'd to *Dr. Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, in her last Sickness.

(1.) **R**epentance on a Death-bed, says her Majesty, is very dangerous. In sacred Writ, there's but one only found who had true Faith in his End, the Thief upon the Cross: and that Text is recorded for none to despair, nor any to presume.

(2.) Thoughts on Eternity, says the Queen, are my Meditation. That endless Scene keeps me close to my Prayers. The more I think of Eternity, the more I am refin'd. I compare it to an inexpressible Duration; to the bottomless Sea, that none can fathom; to a perpetual Motion, to a Globe or Sphere, a Wheel or Circle, which are not limited by any visible Bounds, so as to know where they begin or end. These Views, says the Queen, are pleasing to me, and entertain my Mind with Delight. To consider of Eternity in secret, gives refin'd Ideas. I am then convey'd even beyond the Limits of Time to the Center of infinite Immensity.

(3.) Strengthen weak Hands, says the Queen; break thy Bread to the Hungry; visit the Distressed. Without these

these very Sacrifices we can't see God. Good Works to our own Images, and Mercy to Animals, are Emblems of Righteousness. O divine Queen, these will keep thy Name in Memory, and be repeated in every Age of the Christian World, till the Day of Terror comes, the Sun rises and sets no more, the Moon and Planets veil their Faces, and every Star in the Firmament thrown into Eclipse, concealed and hid in Oblivion.

A MEMORIAL

To the Descendants of *Q. Carolina*,

To keep in Memory her Virtues, and solemnize the Day she died.

Should this Petition not be granted, should this Treatise not be bound in *Turky Leather*, the Title in golden Letters, and deposited in the Libraries of every Branch of the Royal Family to be seen and read; farewell to the Memory of *Queen Carolina*: Her Name and Virtues are already concealed in Oblivion, that should have lived to the Period of Ages, and stood as an Example of Christian Piety.

Should I see all her fair Characters thus cross'd out of the Manuscripts in *Sodom*, nor ever repeated more in Conversation; they shall be recorded in *Canaan*, and entered in the Archives of the Descendants of *Moses*, *Aaron*, the Prophets, the Apostles, and the Evangelists. There *Felix* the Student, and the Virgin, will rehearse the Sentences she deliver'd as she sat in her Palaces, as she walked in her Royal Gardens, and in her Retreats of Solitude.

What I shall recite of this Illustrious Lady, cannot but fill the Minds of Posterity with Sentiments of Honour and Virtue.

I have obtained several select Pieces, deliver'd from her Majesty's own Lips and Hand-writings. They are Ideas out of the common way, scarce to be found in the Studies of the most learned and pious Prelates. The whole Composition is a Collection of Wisdom: Sentences

more primitive than modern. Tho' I have compiled the Discourses in my own way of speaking, yet there is not one Point omitted in any principal Head, as to the Sense and Meaning of her Majesty's own Words and Writings.

The Opinion of Queen *Carolina* upon Thought.

THERE is no greater Entertainment to the Mind, said her Majesty, than your Ideas. That Duty is rewarded in a particular manner. The Practice is not, like other Virtues, difficult and painful. It is attended with so much Pleasure, that was there no Account to be given, a wise Man would indulge good Thoughts for the Quietness they produce. It is a Debt due even to Enemies, much more to the high and supreme Being. Ideas are Gifts that no others can convey to us. If my Mind (said she) is serene, I am happy, by what means soever the Peace arises. Virtuous and chaste Thoughts are pleasing Sensations; they employ the Soul to wise Ends. It was the Custom of the Heathens, said she, either to direct their Thoughts or their Prayers to their Gods, and to attend directly to the Celebration of those Duties. The *Mahometans* go into their Mosques, and there collect their Thoughts to pay Worship to the Almighty. The Christian Ideas of the supreme Being, says the Queen, ought to be infinitely more great and noble than what can enter into the Minds of *Turks* and *Pagans*: for the Gospel of Jesus gives an Opportunity to the sublimest Conceptions. She had read of an *Indian*, that offering up Sacrifices to the Sun and Moon, a *Jew* was present at his Devotions, and seem'd to have an Idea of the ardent Zeal of this Indian. Upon this Point her Majesty paraphras'd: Said she, the Heathens give Examples to the Christian World; they have in divers Instances transmitted to us curious Pieces without divine Talents; they teach us, said she, Lessons to copy after. When I read Philosophy, I find Sayings which establish me in my Duty and my Faith: Sentences that instruct me how to converse with Mankind, and confute Errors. What could be more comprehensive than these Sayings of her Majesty? It appear'd that she had a Body of Divinity in her, and was of refin'd Speculations. A

A COPY of the Manuscript of the Queen's Opinion on Persecution:

Which she deliver'd to a Prelate poison'd with
the Principles of converting Men by Fag-
gots and Imprisonments.

SHE said, No Article of Faith cou'd be found, unless it were founded on the Basis of Christ's Church, Charity and Peace. To persecute Christians for Conscience Sake was so malignant in itself, and attended with so much inveterate Hatred, that it resembled more the Spirit of the Prince of Darkness than the Doctrine of Jesus. Such a Spirit, says she, stains the Mind with Guilt, and imbitters the Thoughts of others with Indignation to the Practice. To force any to believe what is against the Dictates of Nature and Reason, is as much the Reverse to the true Sense of sacred Writ, as for a Divine of our Church to go up to the sacred Altar, and there openly deny every Article of that Creed, which he himself confirm'd as the real Sentiments of his Soul. Chains, Prisons, and Deaths, said she, could not bring a human Being in Love with that Religion which held such base Principles. A Practice that cuts Men off from the Communion of their own establish'd Opinion, from their Duty to God, and from all Society. It is a Barbarity that afflicts the Body, distresses the Mind, sacrifices the Fortunes of others, throws Families into Pain and Misery, that often ends in Death. Such Consequences arising from the Principles of any Body of Christians or Sect, cannot but convince Men, that there is either no Religion at all, or else that it is vicious, cruel, and damnable. Before a wise Man confirms himself in any Opinion, he will be convinc'd of the Truth of it, and then make it Part of the Rule of Life; otherwise he violates his Morality, he sacrifices his Zeal, he divests himself of Charity and of his Faith, and may justly be stil'd a Serpent to sting and plague his Fellow-Creatures. He may have Principles to make us hate, but not to make us love. These are her Majesty's Thoughts on Persecution. O Divine Queen, they will do thy Memory Honour in all the Protestant Churches of Christ to the End of the World. Dying

Martyrs will record thy Name at the Stake, and in the Flames. Thy extensive Charity resembles the Picture of Jesus. This and all thy other Virtues are now gone with thee to the sacred Altar in the Temple and Choir, that is out of the reach of these Regions of Rage and Persecution. Divine Queen! thou hast left but one behind thee, that I know of, to tread in thy Steps, the Serene, the Just, and the Pious Princess *Amelia*, now on her Progress to *Canaan*, and a Pilgrim in *Sodom*.

Queen *Carolina's* Thoughts on Controversies in Points of Religion.

MY Sentiments are, said she, That those who delight in Controversies, very seldom arrive at an establish'd Foundation in Faith, but are wavering and unstable in their Minds. I speak it from my own Experience. In Youth it was too much my Practice, till I came sedately to consider the Way I was in: I then found myself in an extreme Error. One Day I have been entirely convinc'd, the next met with something that shook and disturbed me; the Doubt that was laid reviv'd again, and appears in new Difficulties; and that generally for this Reason, because the Mind that is perpetually tossed in Controversies and Disputes, is apt to forget the Reasons which once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former Perplexity in a new Shape, or is started in different Lights. Nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth; and nothing more irrational than to pass away our Moments without coming to a final Determination, in Points which are of the highest Importance. There are indeed many Articles, says she, from which we may withdraw our Assent; but in Cases that should regulate our Actions, it is the greatest Indiscretion to be wavering, and not to chuse that Side which appears the most agreeable to sacred Writ. My Faith, faith the Queen, is this: That when by reading, or in Controversies, we find ourselves convinc'd of any Article in Church Worship, we should never after call that into Question. It is true, we may forget the Arguments which occasion'd our Convictions; but we ought to remember the Strength they had upon our Minds, and retain the Faith which they once produc'd.

produc'd. We do this in common Cafes; nor can we act otherwise, considering the Limitation of our weak Faculties. It was thus the primitive Fathers of the Church stood as Walls of Brass against Terror and Superstition between the Protestants and the Roman-Catholicks. Their Learning and Abilities establish'd the true Faith in this Part of the Christian World. Their Piety and Parts produc'd such strong and invincible Arguments, as brought about the happy Reformation. The Articles in which these Pillars of our Faith believ'd, and in Possession of them determin'd to suffer Death. They built upon that Truth, knowing it was demonstrated by divine Revelation. These Rules, says she, are necessary for weak Minds to be directed by; and in some measure for Men of great Abilities. But to these last, I would offer to lay up in their Memories those Points which appear to their Reason of the greatest Force, and which can't be got over by the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity. There's nothing strengthens my Principles of Faith more, says the Queen, than this way of reasoning. Good Men can't forbear closing with sound Truths, upon an impartial Examination. It is certain, that this way of thinking keeps our Faith alive, and gathers Strength from Practice much more than from Speculations. There is another Point which is very persuasive, and that is an habitual Adoration of the supreme Being, as well as in constant Acts of Worship, as in outward Forms. Serious and good Men do not only believe, but feel within their own Breasts, that there is a divine Power. They have actual Sensations of God; their Experience concurs with Truth; they see the Purity of the Deity more and more; their Intercourses with him in divine Thoughts, and even in this Life, almost lose their Faith in Convictions. There's another Article, says the Queen, gives Life to a Christian's Faith; a frequent Retreat from the World, accompanied with divine Ideas. As often as I am retir'd from Assemblies, my Thoughts make deeper Impressions upon my Mind; but when in publick, and in Noise, my Attentions are call'd back from those Meditations that I retain'd with so much Strength in Solitude. When I am amus'd with Variety of Objects in publick, the Shew and Figure of the World strikes in with my Thoughts, and creates an Ambition after Vanity. If I am in secret, I am dispos'd to be serious; in Multitudes and Crouds, I am entertain'd with empty Pageantry. In the silent Night I have Opportunities of conversing with God. In that Recess, Faith and

and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind. Thus secluded from Conversation, I enjoy a serene Peace. I see the divine Power and Wisdom. The supreme Being hath made the best Arguments for his own Existence. The Works of the Heavens and the Earth are Arguments, which a sound Mind cannot forbear attending to. In our silent Hours, there is neither Speech nor Language to divert us; we only hear our own Voice and Meditations: then our Souls are furnish'd with noble Ideas. These are her Majesty's Sentiments compos'd in her Studies. What Precepts can be attended with more Strength of reasoning than these Arguments? The World may be surpriz'd, that neither the Fathers of the Church, nor any Minister of State, should not have commanded, by their Authority and Expence, these Pieces to be publish'd. I am ashamed to speak it; it was with no little Difficulty that I obtain'd these her Majesty's Sayings. No sooner had I perus'd them in Retirement, that had my Prince commanded me to have kept silent, I shou'd have chose rather to have disobey'd his Royal Command, than to have conceal'd from the Eye of the World, the Virtues, the Learning, the Eloquence, the Politeness and Wisdom of *Queen Carolina*. Her Works are Patterns for Emperors and Kings to imitate: They are perfect Glasses for the Princes and Ladies of the *British* Court to dress and adorn themselves by in every Scene of Life.

WHAT Subject must I treat of now? Shall I not record *Sophia*, she that is born to sit on the Female Throne in the *British* Island? This Princess is Great, Wise, Good and Just; the very Image of *Mary* and *Carolina*; pure in Thought, and beautiful in Person: Every Perfection that shin'd in those Monarchs are to be seen in this Royal Woman. Who more worthy of a Sceptre than she? The *English* must be naturally struck with her distinguishing Parts, and reflect with much Satisfaction the Blessing they will enjoy during her Reign. She gives Specimens of her Conduct in every Act of Life. Nothing can add new Merit to her: She is celebrated in every Instance; divested of Pride and Vanity. Take her adorn'd in all the Splendor of the *British* Court, there appears no Ostentation; she dresses to pleasure her Consort, more than to satisfy any Vain glory in herself. To the King she performs the Obedience

bedience of a Daughter-in-law, to her Consort the Duty of a Wife, to the Princes the Indulgence of a Parent, and to her Attendants, a Mother rather than a Mistress. If there is any Ambition, it is to excel her own Sex in Meekness and good Works: They are the principal Ends to Religion. She is a shining Ornament on solemn Days; she attends at the sacred Altar to break Bread and drink Wine with her crucify'd Jesus. View this Princess in publick Assemblies, or in Retirement. She is an establish'd Christian, fix'd and grounded in the Catholick Faith: Her Charity is universal, not contracted. She censures none because they don't receive the Sacraments on their Knees with her ardent Zeal. It is the Intenseness of the Heart she looks at. Outward Ceremonies without inward Devotion set us short of the Kingdom of Christ. In this she owns herself a Member of the one only true Church. This Doctrine was instill'd in her from her very Infancy. Her Ancestors liv'd and dy'd in Unity with every Society. One of that Royal Family declar'd, he believ'd that neither *Jew, Turk, Heathen* nor *Pagan*, will perish everlastingly, who offer up Sacrifices in their Temples with a pure Mind. Says this Prince, Those that never heard of Christ will not be judged by his Gospel, but by their own Laws and Customs, or from the Volume of Nature. O glorified Saint, what shall I say of thy god-like Principles? The very Expressions raise a Love in my Soul to thy Memory; they throw me into deep Contemplation, and make me reflect on the different Period of good and bad Princes. As to this one particular Article of Unity and Christian Charity to all Societies and Opinions whatsoever, their Lives are incircled with Honour, and their End with Peace. Such never oppress the Stranger, the Fatherless, nor the Widows; they shed not innocent Blood, nor walk after evil Counsels. I let my Mind go so far, in Opposition to all Persecution, and the divine Sayings of the decess'd Prince in his departing Moments, that they may live till Time shall be no more, Will not all confin'd in Gallies on Account of Conscience, rise up and call this Prince blessed? Will not the persecuted Protestants in *France* and *Germany* pay Remembrance to his dying Slumberance? The Reflection upon this Prince's Death had been a melancholy Entertainment; were the Thoughts not reviv'd with the Prospect that *Sophia* will, in all Virtues, tread in the very same Steps, and instruct Prince *George*, Prince *Edward*, and the Princesses *Augusta* and *Elizabeth*, to imitate and paint after their Royal Ancestors.

cestors. Then they will appear to the Eye of *Europe* as bright Stars, and be call'd Glorious from their very Infancy. Then there will be no Retreats in these Islands to the Cliffs of Rocks, nor dark Caves, for the Persecuted to be conceal'd and hid in from the Force of Violence and Fury:

The Virgin in *Eden's* Memorial to Prince *George*, Prince *Edward*, and the Princess *Augusta*.

TH O' this Piece is drawn up by a Pilgrim at *Abraham's* House in *Canaan*, one in the Bloom of Youth; yet it may live till the Frame of Nature comes to be dissolv'd, and fall into its primitive Nothing, as being address'd to Infant Princes for them to read and practise. Shou'd this be receiv'd and countenanc'd, what can add more Glory to their Names? Will not one Generation tell another, will not History record it, that *George*, *Edward*, and *Augusta*, gave Examples of Christian Virtue even from their very Cradles, in their Childhood? What more beautiful than to see young Branches of the Royal Family begin to inure themselves to Piety? The Reward will be Wisdom in their Counsels, in their Armies Victory, Trade will flourish, Virtue rever'd, and Vice banish'd from the Court. Then no domestick Enemies but Atheists and Blasphemers. We that are the Inhabitants of *Canaan* put up our Petitions, that these transcendent Blessings may bloom and flourish. Books and Retirement are our Entertainment: they beautify the Soul. What stains the Character of Princes more, than to assemble in Company of corrupt Morals? Heirs to Crowns and Sceptres should be endow'd with distinguishing Parts. Great Minds convey their Ideas beyond insignificant and trifling Amusements, and aspire only to what is truly commendable. Act not below your Dignity; that will stain and sully your Characters. But I am gone beyond what I design'd, and had almost forgot, what I chiefly propos'd, to tell this Royal Train how happy we in *Canāan* spend our Days with Converts on their Journey to the heavenly *Jerusalem* at *Abraham's* House. There are no Disputes about Pre-eminences,

nences, nor a Question ask'd, Who is the greatest? In our Situation all is familiar and inoffensive. Nothing gives our Conversation Disturbance. We take Prospects around the Globe, and view the heavenly Bodies; there observe the Seasons and Returns of the Year, Spring and Autumn, the Rising and Setting of the Sun. In the Morn, e'er Day be light, we send up our Thoughts to the holy Oracle; at Noon, in the Heat of the Day, we retire to cool Bowers and Banks of Roses; there cast our Eyes to the yonder Regions, where *Mary*, and *Carolina*, and the Ancestors of the Princess *Sophia* now live in Glory, above this Bank of Dust. Tho' these Princes bore the Weight of Government, they perform'd every Christian Duty, and frequently retired to Solitude, to acquaint themselves with their crucified Jesus. In these high Orders we live in *Canaan*, and tell each other what the Infant Martyrs enjoy, that were massacred by *Herod* the Tyrant before they arriv'd at the Period of two Years. This Persecution was design'd to murder the Babe Jesus, the Son of the Virgin *Mary*. Sacrifice none, tho' they fall down in the Street and worship the Host. May not their Souls be as precious in the Eye of an All-seeing Essence, as we that pay no Adoration to departed Saints? This Faith is Christian Charity; these Principles will bring Peace in dying Moments. This is the Religion we Pilgrims profess and practise in *Canaan*. Learn this Lesson: Live and die by these Rules. Go into your Parks and Gardens, as we do in our Fields and Groves; and there you'll find, that what with the Fanning of the Winds, the Rustling of the Leaves, and the Serenity of the Air, will inure you by degrees to the Love of Solitude, and with Thoughts of an endless Eternity. We are naturally refresh'd by the Melody of the Birds in *Canaan's* Wildernesses. These Songs are to us as divine Anthems, sweet and serene; the very Emblems of the unseen World of Joys. At Night we walk in green Alleys, and behold the wandring Moon increase and change, and riding in her Orb. Then we look further, and view the Stars ranged in regular Order, more beautiful than an Army drawn up to solemnize a signal Victory. Thus we fly in Thought, like the Wings of Eagles, from one beautiful Object to another. Should Prince *Edward*, Prince *George*, and Princess *Augusta*, now in their Infancy, be instructed to read this State of Innocency, and be seen publickly to deliver printed Copies to the young Nobility of both Sexes that attend their several

Courts; I am sure should this be done, if there is an original Being that fram'd the Universe, and created all Creatures out of nothing, the succeeding Kings will be attended with some distinguishing Blessings of Divine Providence. Crown'd Heads will revere the Act. Virtue in Princes displays such glorious Lights, that even the vilest of Tyrants will pay their Memory a kind of sacred Honour. Piety ever was, and ever will be esteem'd, let it be dress'd in Scarlet, or in Rags.

An Emblem of *Sodom* and *Canaan*,
presented by *Isaac* the Descendant of
Abraham.

THO' but a Youth, I am a Pilgrim and Stranger, as all my Forefathers were. By Virtue I am enlighten'd to instruct the Aged, and tell them, that in primitive Times Allegories were esteem'd as religious Entertainment. When I consider populous Cities as they are qualify'd, I find them very defective in Comparison of retir'd Seats, inhabited by select Societies, pure in Mind, and agreeable in Conversation. For tho' the first may appear more august and magnificent by their spacious Buildings, there is something in the latter that resembles Paradise in its original State before the Fall of Man. Wide Streets, fine Paintings, rich Furniture, and gilded Chariots, come far short in Comparison of a College, situated with the Prospect of Fields and Vineyards. There the Eye may wander without Confinement, and behold infinite Variety of Objects, without staining the Thoughts with Vanity. The Prophets and Patriarchs from the first Ages retreated to Solitude: the holy Jesus retir'd to secret Recesses to converse with his Apostles and Evangelists. There is more Delight in viewing the rough Draughts of Nature, than in the Images we behold in populous Towns. In Fields and Forests our Ideas are refined by viewing the Works of God: they are worth surveying. What Representations can be more sublime, than the original Copies: they shew the infinite Power there was in their Creation. And yet how many Curiosities are concealed from the Eye, hid in the deep Ocean, in Rocks, in Mines, and in Pillars of Marble? These Manuscripts

manuscripts are beautiful Lessons for the present Generation to read. What we see in large Metaphoricals, are they not the Works of Man? Art can draw the Appearance of navigable Rivers, Parks, Forests, Fountains, and Springs; the Waves of the Sea, the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, the Fluctuations of the Water, Ships riding in Harbour, Yachts sailing cross the Channels, and Barges floating in still'd Streams. I have seen in *Sodom* Landskips representing Trees waving to and fro with the Winds, and young Swans landed on the Shoar by their Parent walking among the Flags. I have seen Pictures of Eagles flying in the Air, and Herds of Deer ranging through Chace and Forests. I have seen in Needle-Work, Hawks in Pursuit of their Prey, and the Fox in the Chace. But what are all these Pieces more than Shadows or Ties to humour silly Mortals? Go to the Virgin at *Abraham's* House; there are Pleasures far above any thing carved out on Tables of Brass, Pillars of Stone, or Plates of Steel.

What are the little Plots and Gardens we have in Cities, but only to amuse such as admire a Town-Life? How narrow are these to the Extent and Elegance we meet with in large Plantations, Groves and Wildernesses in *Sodom*? There are Clouds of Smoke Morning and Evening, Mists and Fogs. I had rather see a Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain cover'd with Moss, than to behold Roses and Pinks that are stain'd and soil'd by the nauseous Fumes arising from the Shoars and Sinks in narrow Streets and Lanes.

A little Cottage in the Country is to my Mind a more pleasing View, than Globes and Pyramids growing in rank Soils. Give me the Sight of Trees; the Boughs bent with the Weight of their Fruit, is infinitely more beautiful than all the fine Strokes of Art. It is not the Gaiety and Variety of Colours, nor the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts in the Arrangement and Disposition of Objects, or in a just Mixture or Concurrence of all together, amongst these several Kinds. A wise Man takes more Delight in living in a private Retreat, out of Noise and Show: then he converses with high-born Beings; he views the Tracks of Heaven; he sees the Sun come forth of his Chamber, adorn'd in all his Brightness. At Night he views the Element incircled with bright Stars, the Moon rising, and the Planets walking in their Order. These Scenes discover to him the different Situation, and conveys his Ideas to those Regions that are beyond the Sphere of this Globe of Clay.

Sodom is a dull Situation; the Inhabitants hear not the Larks sing their early Mattins, nor behold the Fall of the Rivers, or the Water spring out of Rocks: But in *Canaan* we are awaken'd e'er Day be light; the Chapel Bell calls us up to Prayers; there we unite our Voices with the Tabret, the Harp, and the Dulcimer, and sing the Tune of *Sion*. O blessed Harmony! O sweet Retreat! This is the State of Virtue. *Abraham's* House is an Inn for Pilgrims, on their Progress to the Ark of God; the Haven prepar'd for pure and undefil'd Virgins, that never acted the Part of *Pamela*, to parley Night and Day with a lewd Rake to raise Emulation. True Virtue retreats at the first Temptation, and chuses rather to starve in a Cave, than to converse with a Man that offers once to tempt her Chastity.

May this Emblem of *Sodom* and *Canaan* dwell on the Mind of each Sex. This will bring Peace in Prosperity, in Adversity, and in the last Moments of Life.

Universal Charity imitates the Saviour of the World.

IF Sacred Writ be Truth, no Man can be a Christian in Life and Doctrine, that judges or censures any Speech or Language in Points of Religion, or Principles of Faith. Neither can we be perfect, unless we are invested with a Spirit of Mercy and Pity to all living Creatures in Distress and Pain.

Dost thou believe the Resurrection of thy Body? Think of Death; shew Humanity to thy own Image, and even to Animals and Insects; act no Cruelty to the least Creature on the Face of the whole Earth; take notice of Objects that bend under heavy Burdens, or worn out by Age or Labour. Hear the Cries of Prisoners, the Groans of the Sick, and the Sighs of Widows and Orphans. Ask not what Church or Society they belong to, but if it be in thy Power relieve them. Call not back thy Charity from the unbelieving *Jews*, nor *Turks*, Heathens or Pagans. If you behold an Atheist or Blasphemer perishing with Hunger, Cold, or Nakedness, let him not die; thy Charity may be his Conversion.

Such Sacrifices Jesus will take as offer'd upon his own sacred Altar: he will repay both Principal and Interest tenfold in both Worlds; they shall have Peace here, and Glory in endless Ages.

Now the Author most humbly petitions the Publick in Christ's Name, to make one Act of Charity universal in this Island. That as often as any Housekeeper, or other Person, boils any Butcher's

Butcher's Meat, and makes no Use of the Liquor in their own Families, that they would be so good to engage their Servants not to waste or fling the same away as usual, but give it to poor Families. Every Quart of such Liquor is worth to them one Half-penny, for to boil up with Oatmeal, Flower, Rice, Wheat, or the Raspings of Bread. This is no Expence to the Donors. But how much greater will the Charity be, for Persons in plentiful Circumstances, to order their Servants to boil up the said Liquor with Pease, and give it at their Door to the Poor, or send it to indigent Families in their Neighbourhood, when it is hot and fit to eat. This will be Meat, Drink and Cloth to hungry Souls. The Charge of Pease is a Trifle, not worth the naming, in Houses where there is Plenty. One Three-pence expended this way, is of greater Service than Two Shillings and Six-pence in Money.

Shou'd this Humanity become general, Ten thousand poor Inhabitants may be fed every Day within the weekly Bills of Mortality only: Many of which are now oblig'd to subsist, for Weeks and Months together, with nothing but dry Bread and fair Water. Those that act this Charity shall find Mercy in their last and dying Slumberance.

In *Maitland's History of London*, in treating of the Author's inventing the *Sun Fire-Office*, the Printer by Mistake has inserted *John Povey* instead of *Charles*.

From N^o. 3. in Little Ailie-street,
Goodman's-fields, Sabbath-day
in the Morning, Nov. 1. 1741.

CHARLES POVEY, *Gent.*

F I N I S.

A CATALOGUE of what Points the Author hath wrote upon and publish'd, not yet recited in his Treatises.

AN Enquiry into the Nature, Situation, Motion, &c. of the heavenly Bodies. Arguments to prove that the immense Bodies in the Firmament were not made for the Use of Man only.

A Dispute in order to shew which Sex is most guilty of Incontinency.

A philosophical Discourse touching the Origination of Things.

The Opinions of ancient Philosophers about the Substance and Nature of the Sun.

A

A Discourse of Heirs to Estates falling out about Trifles, and going to Law.

The Composition of licentious Authors justly censur'd.

The supercilious Humours of mean Persons advanced to high Stations.

A Letter from a Lady, wherein she is very importunate to be satisfy'd of the most effectual Means for raising her Fortune: with the Author's Answer.

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The unhappy Fate of *Octavia*, Wife of *Nero*.

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Our present Divisions compar'd to the Quarrels between Soul and Body.

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A Dissertation concerning the Excesses most Men run into in these Times.

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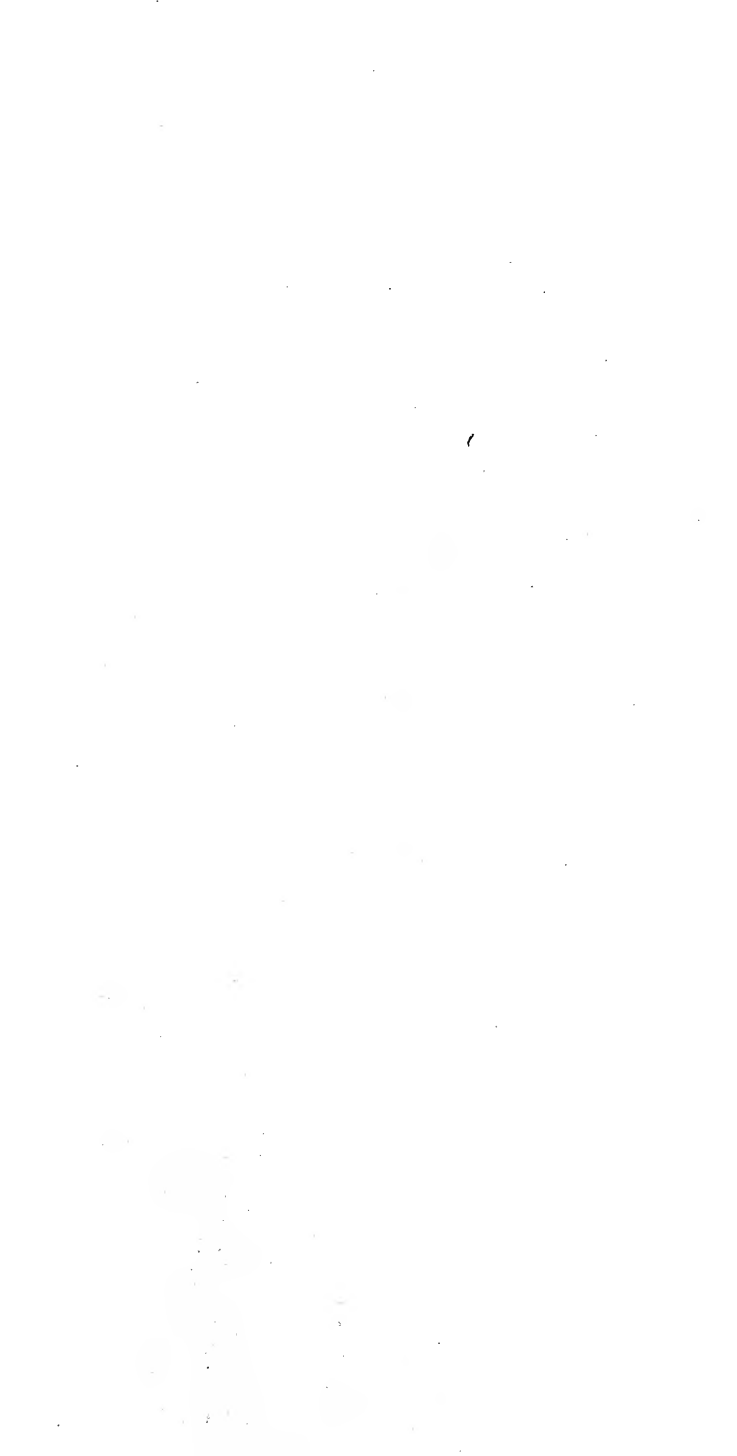
A Discourse how far, and to what Age, Men ought to make their Studies known to the World.

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